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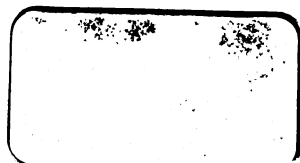
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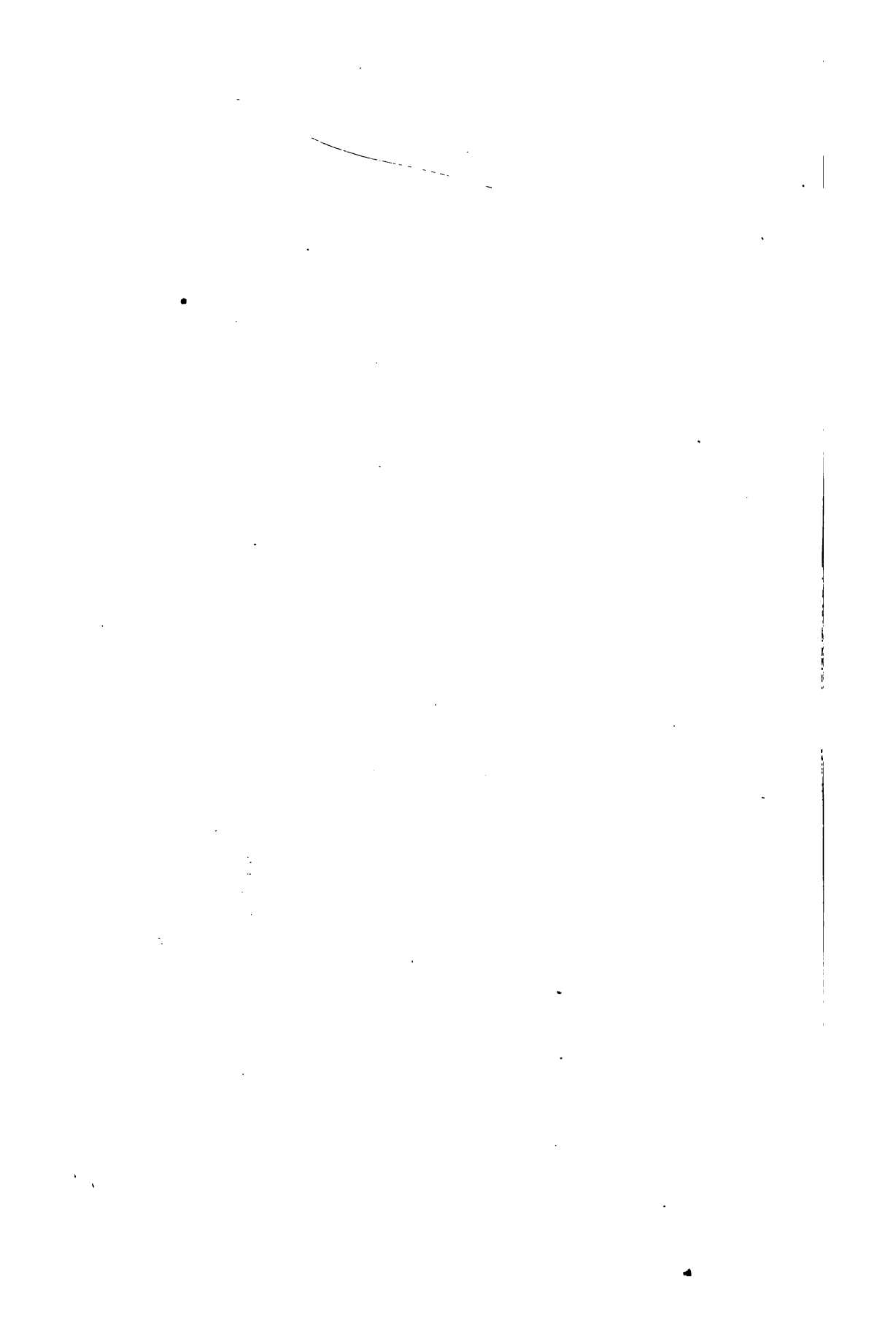




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**JOURNAL**  
**OF**  
**TWO VISITS TO THE CRIMEA,**  
**IN THE AUTUMNS OF**  
**1854 & 1855:**  
**WITH**  
**REMARKS ON THE CAMPAIGN.**

**BY**  
**SIR EDWARD COLEBROOKE, BART.**



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**LONDON:**  
**T. & W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.**  
**1856.**

*223. a. 57.*



## PREFACE.

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THE Journal now published was originally written for the amusement of friends, and with some slight alterations was composed amid the stirring scenes it describes. Having decided upon its publication, it may be necessary to say that the author has no professional claim on the attention of the public, and that his remarks are those of a civilian who had no previous familiarity with scenes of war. He does not mention this with a view of deprecating criticism, but in order that it may be understood that his observations are those of a bystander. Both his visits to the Crimea were singularly timed so as to bring him to the scene of action at the most interesting periods of the campaign ; but the coincidence was of course accidental. He went to the East in 1854, with very uncertain plans of visiting our camp, and seeing the great operations which were impending. His intention was, if possible, to join a friend in command of one of our cavalry regiments, who had given him a warm invitation to share his tent, but who unfortunately lost his health in Bulgaria, and was at Therapia when the author arrived there. Finding an opportunity of joining the fleet, he took advantage of it ; and the rest of the story speaks for itself.



On returning to Constantinople in November, he was followed by the tidings of Inkerman, and the commencement of the winter difficulties. He remained there during November, and notwithstanding the advantage of constant communication with officers and men returning from the Crimea after Inkerman, and again after the great storm in the middle of the month, it was not without incredulity that he heard in the following January, the accumulated reports of the distressing state of our force. The calamity far exceeded what he could explain, in the circumstances of a winter campaign under unusual difficulties; and his own observation and knowledge of the state of the army and fleet, forbade his taking refuge in the usual explanation of ignorance and incompetence in every branch of our administration. He was obliged, therefore, to confess, in the words of a retiring statesman, that the whole thing was "inexplicable." He mentions this because the desire to see and judge for himself of these unhappy events, acted as a motive, though a subordinate one, to revisit the seat of war in the following year. The main incentive was the hope of witnessing the close of our operations, and forming his own judgment on the military questions involved in this unexampled conflict. His second visit was in a yacht, in which he was accompanied by a friend, R. Twopeny, Esq., who having passed the previous summer in the Black Sea, shared with the author the desire to see the conclusion of this great struggle.

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## JOURNAL OF 1854.

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*Sept. 8th.*—LEFT Constantinople on board the Danube (Lieut. Cator) in charge of dispatches, on which, through the kindness of Admiral Boxer, I have obtained a passage to the Crimea ; so here I am fairly embarked in this great expedition. My companions\* Delane, Layard, and Kinglake, all united in the desire to see as much of the warlike operations as possible.

We left the Golden Horn in the morning, but broke down in one of our engines before we had gone two miles ; crossed the Banshee, steaming in with dispatches, which gave us the welcome intelligence, so far as our selfish feelings were concerned, that the fleet had left Balshick only on the previous day. We feel sure now of being in time for the landing. Stopped at Therapia several hours for the repair of our engines, and then for the Black Sea, which we entered on a warm and lovely afternoon. Classical associations seemed dull compared with the realities before us. Even the Symplegades failed to rouse more than a transient thought of the first Greek explorers of these regions. Went below, with much more interest, to follow on the chart, Cator's sailing instructions. We are to proceed to Cape

\* J. T. Delane, Esq., A. H. Layard, Esq., M.P., and the Author of *Eothen*.

Kaliakra, thence to Serpent's Island, off the Sulina mouths of the Danube, from which to stand across to Cape Tarkhan, the evident rendezvous of the fleet.

*Sept. 10th.*—It came to blow smartly on Friday night and through greater part of the following day. Cator's prescription of brandy and water at 5 in the morning, made me dead sick, and I was unwell all the day. Thermometer dropped from 84° to 46°; weather squally, and sea dull and leaden in hue. Made the Serpent's Island this morning. In the afternoon, when about forty miles from Cape Tarkhan, looking out for land ahead, Layard's quick eye sighted a steamer on our starboard bow, then a sail, then another, and in a few more minutes a large fleet burst in sight, which we at once set down for our own, and bore down for it. But as we neared it, the number of vessels (only 20), the course they were steering, and absence of transports, raised some misgivings as to their character, and we sat down to dinner with sundry jokes and surmises, starting up between every course to take a peep at the strangers. We were, however, soon set at our ease by finding they took no notice of us, and as we neared them, the French and Turkish flags were soon perceived. We passed through the combined squadron, and brought to under the *Ville de Paris*, which Cator boarded, and was surprised that the main fleet was only forty miles north of us, and that we had, in fact, gone by them.

*Sept. 12th.*—The fleet appeared in sight as we

rose yesterday, stretching across the horizon, from east to west in numbers that seemed endless. The *Agamemnon* and *Caradoc*, with Lord Raglan on board, were steaming away ahead of us, returning from a reconnaissance of the coast. We passed through the fleet and brought to under the *Britannia*. Cator went on board to report himself, dispatches, and passengers to the Admiral; returned with an invitation for Delane and myself, which was soon after followed by another for Kinglake; Layard received a similar invitation from Sir Edmund Lyons. Received a cordial welcome from Dundas, who would not hear of my going to the *Firebrand*, as I had intended, but at once brought me to his cabin, where I found Sir Edmund Lyons, Drummond, and a number of other officers, receiving their instructions, prior to getting under weigh, which we were to do at noon.

The sight of this magnificent fleet as they passed us, as if in review, in lines, the steamers towing the large transports, each marked with the number of the regiment it bore, all crowded with troops, and their bands playing, was stirring and magnificent. The day was lovely and the sea calm, and the eye followed the moving mass of vessels till they were lost in the distance. As the *Britannia*, under tow of the *Retribution*, brought up the rear, this moving body, all directed by the power of steam, passed by like a panorama before we got into motion. We had not been above three hours in motion when we found

that if the movement of this fleet was grand, it was to be slow, for the French and Turkish sailing vessels having reported by a steamer that they had come to anchor, we brought to also, having barely sighted the shores of the Crimea.

Interested by hearing from the Admiral the plan of operations. Eupatoria is to be taken possession of by a small force, to secure the anchorage of the bay, which is important for the fleet, while the main force is to move on to a point at  $45^{\circ}$  latitude, which is decided upon for the landing.

There is a singular want of information as to the force in the Crimea. Nothing, said the Admiral, is known about it; and all estimates are mere guesses. This morning we had our first view of the land we hope to conquer. The coast, bare of wood but green compared with Greece and Bulgaria, reminded me of the Isle of Thanet. As we neared the coast all telescopes were in use, but beyond a few scattered houses and villages on the coast, there was nothing to break the view, till we reached Eupatoria, of which we in the *Britannia* could see but little, as the fleet already at anchor intercepted the view. A solitary horseman, whom we at once set down for a Cossack, was seen posting towards the town. No landing to-day. The appearance of the fleet by night is more striking than by day, as every ship carries lights, and their number appears infinite.

*Sept. 16th.*—Events have moved on since the

last entry in my journal. The landing effected without a show of resistance, and our army in the field and ready to move forward in another day or two. The grand attack on Eupatoria ended in smoke ; a boat was sent ashore with a summons to surrender, which was quietly received and fumigated by the Russian authorities ; and after this empty demonstration on our part, we passed down the coast to the real point of attack. The value of Eupatoria has been repeatedly discussed, and a difference of opinion existed between the naval and military authorities as to the occupation. There can be no doubt of the value of the bay for anchorage, and of the town for supplies ; but it seems to me that military rather than naval interests should predominate, and I am prepared to justify the hesitation to separate any portion of the troops from the main body until the strength of the enemy is known. The vacillation in our plans is not so easy of defence. The occupation was decided upon, and a British regiment told off for landing ; but at the last moment the whole is abandoned, and two days are lost in an expedition where time is of the last importance, and the equinox at hand.

On the morning of the 14th, the whole fleet got under weigh, and moved to the spot decided upon for the landing. As we descended the coast the fields appeared covered with corn, and the inhabitants could be seen quietly occupied gathering in the harvest. Not a trace of a soldier or preparation for resistance. As the *Britannia*, with the greater

number of sailing vessels took up their ground outside the fleet, our position was very unfavourable for seeing the first dash ashore of our boats. The light infantry were however soon seen spreading inland, and no Russian force showed itself to dispute their advance. At a distance of a few miles we could see some of our steamers shelling the enemy on the coast, which showed that they were not very far off.\*

\* In a narrative of the campaign in the Quarterly Review for December, 1854, evidently written by an eye-witness of the scene, it is said, with reference to the landing, "It would have been useless to wait for the British Admiral, who did not leave Eupatoria until nearly the middle of the day, when he anchored far out to sea, where he remained during the disembarkation." The first part of the statement is untrue. The *Britannia* got under weigh early in the morning, and its boats took their share in the work of the day. The second lieutenant (Lieut. Vesey) told me that his boat was one of the first to touch ground, and when he jumped ashore the only tenants of the beach were Sir G. Brown and an officer in the navy (I think Capt. Dacres), and a few Tartars who were sitting on the ground staring at them. The *Britannia* and the other sailing vessels of the fleet came to anchor outside the fleet of transports, but within musket-shot of the outermost: a not unnecessary precaution, considering that the Russians had a fleet of fourteen sail of the line within twenty-five miles of us; that the French line-of-battle ships were encumbered with troops, and a large portion of the crews of all were away with the boats.

I feel bound to take notice of these errors, because the Correspondent of the Times fell into the same; he described the *Britannia* as being four miles out at sea, and taking no part in the proceedings of the day. This was not the case. Every boat belonging to the English fleet, with a crew, was employed in landing the troops.

The landing had scarcely commenced when the Admiral sent Delane, Kinglake, and myself on board the *Retribution*, that we might have a nearer view of the stirring and now peaceful scene. We anchored scarcely half a mile from the shore, which was crowded with red coats, while boat after boat was pushing forward to add to their numbers.

After looking on for half-an-hour Drummond took us ashore—and behold us landed in the Crimea. Everything was so peaceful that it was difficult to persuade oneself that this was real war. But the sight of the stretchers borne in the rear of the regiments, as they marched successively to the rising ground to the right, soon settled that question. One of the first objects that met my eye was a scramble for a cartload of apples. The cart had just been appropriated to the public service, and a number of our men were tumbling over each other like school-boys to get at the contents. At the side of the cart sat a country lad staring round with a wild bewildered look, and wounded in the foot. A bystander said he was shot by one of our men, because he would not stop when challenged; this seemed unlikely, and I afterwards heard his history belonged to the adventures of Sir George Brown, who had pushed on unguardedly to reconnoitre, and falling foul of some Cossacks, had to beat a retreat. A shot fired at the Russians hit the boy. Other carts and drivers there were, and our men were hard at work loading them with entrenching tools; the



drivers seemed to reconcile themselves with great alacrity to their new position, and responded readily to the bono Johnny of our men.

The beach on which we landed was a strip of land, scarcely a hundred yards in breadth and about a mile in length ; a salt water lake extending about a mile inwards, protected the landing. The Guards and Highlanders were forming as we got ashore, and soon marched off to the right. After walking about on the beach for awhile, amused with the exciting scene, and greeting our friends, much disguised with beards, we walked up the hill to the right, which was already occupied by the Light and 3rd Division not far from the landing place. Here we found ourselves on a wide undulating plain, covered with corn, cut but not carried. There were but few traces of dwellings. We went as far as our outposts, which consisted of Rifles. Not a sign of an enemy. The appearance of three persons in plain clothes walking in from the plain caused some surprise, and an officer asked us where on earth we came from. The day now became dull and threatening, and everything betokened a wet afternoon and night ; the rain in fact began to fall before we got again on board. The soldiers looked bronzed and healthy for the most part, and their beards and the absence of a stock gave them a rough and ready look, but many of the 79th Highlanders, who marched past us, were weak and sickly.

We returned on board the Britannia to dinner,

and were soon joined by Captain Loring of the Furious, and Captain Powell, who had been shelling the enemy at their camp on the Alma in the morning. Their estimate of numbers varied from 7,000 to 20,000. The Russians were encamped and some of the shells pitched among the tents. We took advantage the next morning of a boat which was going ashore after breakfast, and took up Layard in passing, and walked on to the French camp, whose small tents covered the ground. Our men bivouacked on the heavy clay, the character of which was determined by last night's rain. They gave a miserable account of their first night in the Crimea. All were busy spreading their cloaks and blankets to the sun, which had now become warm and genial. Two things are particularly striking in the appearance of the army.—1st, The absence of camp followers; 2nd, The officers marching with the troops with their knapsacks on their back. All are fighting men, and do not cover more space than they would when formed in open column. Still no signs of an enemy. The plain stretches wide and bare before us, almost to Sebastopol, closed at the end by the bold profile of the mountains of the south coast.

At breakfast this morning we heard the report of yesterday's proceedings at Eupatoria. Two of our steamers and a French one went there. Mr. Fox the Chaplain of the Britannia and the pilot went in the Retribution. They described the scene as resembling an English town during an election.

After the Russian authorities withdrew, which they did immediately our marines landed, the inhabitants (a rabble rout) came forward eagerly to kiss our officers' hands, bringing forward their children for the same purpose. A market was soon established and great promise made of supplies.

A Tartar chief, a professed descendant of Ghengis Khan,\* accompanied the French, and was received by the people with enthusiasm. Something is expected from Tartar co-operation. I cannot learn that there are any chiefs or persons of education to guide or lead them. Our sailors hold the Russian navy cheap; but when asked what co-operation the fleet could render to the army in an attack on Sebastopol, every officer that I have hitherto met with says it would be very rash to attack those batteries with our ships.

Captain Loring this evening came on board to report his second reconnaissance of the coast. The Russians are still on the Alma river, but their tents are struck.

*Sunday, 17th.*—Church service on board. The men in benches on the main deck, most of them with books, and joining in the responses and chanting. Went ashore with some officers of the *Britannia*.

\* The Tartar dynasty of the Crimea held fiefs in European Turkey, and the Porte selected a member of the family for the Government of the Peninsula. It was one of this family that was brought forward by the French. I was very glad the English gave no countenance to this proceeding.

The surf was heavy, and we had some difficulty in landing without getting wet. The surf has caused great difficulty in landing horses. We visited friends in the Light and 1st Division; the latter on our extreme left. The men, now in tents, more comfortable than on my last visit; but many cases of cholera have occurred, especially in the 79th Highlanders. Our walk was fully three miles over a rich soil, highly cultivated, but with very few signs of habitation; one or two scattered hamlets in the distance was all that the eye could perceive. The country seems formed, as if by nature, for the action of cavalry, and the power of impeding or delaying our march will be very great if the Russians are strong in this arm. A night alarm was caused by a few Cossacks galloping by, and the first Division had to turn out. The Highlanders, who are on the extreme left, rest on a marsh which is a continuation of the salt lake near our landing-place; this guards our flank. From this point the encampment extends in a semi-circular form to the French landing-place. I thought our troops covered too much ground, but it was an object, as Sir De Lacy Evans told me, to occupy certain villages; I suppose for the sake of water. Heard in the evening, estimates (vague) of the strength of the Russian garrison. It is not supposed to be very great, nor is it said that they have received reinforcements lately. Kinglake and Delane both anxious to go ashore and take the field with the army. I preached prudence to the former,

but in vain. His hopes of finding supplies and conveyance very vague. I shall not quit good quarters on board ship until I see a market established ashore. I shall be glad, however, to take advantage of Drummond's offer of a berth in the *Retribution*. The week I have passed in the *Britannia* has been most interesting. I meet half the officers in the fleet, and hear much of what is going on, but as the Admiral's cabin is his office, an idler like myself is rather in the way, and finds it difficult to get a quiet corner at any time.

23rd.—Let me recall the events of these stirring days. After four days of excitement, comprising an advance, battle, and victory, and visit to the field, I take up my pen to continue my story. I left the *Britannia* on Monday evening. The Admiral parted with me with so much kindness that I half regretted my decision to change my quarters. I found on board the *Retribution* two invalids, Captain Bouverie,\* of the *Coldstreams*, who has been with Drummond for the last month, and Colonel Wilbraham, Assistant Adjutant-General of the second Division, who came on board only a day or two ago. We got under weigh the next morning, the 19th, to follow the army's advance; took the *Britannia* in tow; and, as we approached the Alma, the Russian army could be distinctly seen in a valley about two miles inland, and two batteries of guns painted green in their front. Not a soul was

\* Killed at Inkerman.

discernible on the heights stretching towards the coast. As we came to anchor the heads of the French columns arrived on the opposite side of the valley, about three miles from the Russian position. The English were scarcely discernible in the distance. The French soon assembled in imposing masses, and presently gathered in groups, gazing on the spectacle opposite them. A few officers were seen on the eminences reconnoitring the position. After an hour or two of inaction, heavy masses of cavalry advanced from the Russian right over the broad plain. They came on slowly and cautiously, and as they approached the French position, our Allies, who at first were gazing idly at this demonstration of the enemy, suddenly ran to arms and formed on the crest, while some guns were advanced and opened fire, whereupon the enemy wheeled round and galloped off most ingloriously. Two or three horses without riders, one of them limping over the plain, showed that the fire had not been ineffective. One of Admiral Bruat's staff was on board with us, and in fits of delight at this first triumph of his countrymen. It was evident that no attack would be made to-day. Our impression was that the force opposed to us was small, and quite unequal to check our advance. As the ground on the Russian right seemed low and open, Drummond thought, and we were inclined to agree with him, that we should attempt to turn their flank on that side.

We had some discussion after dinner about Turkish

prospects. Wilbraham, who knew the Turks well, and had been much in the East, had a bad opinion of them; while I endeavoured to maintain that they were as good as their neighbours, whether Greeks or Slavonians. Wilbraham had passed some time at Shumla with Omer Pacha's army. They were well equipped, he said, and well fed; but not to be relied upon in an advance against the Russians. He defended Omer Pacha's prudence in not attempting the relief of Silistria. The promotion of officers was guided by favouritism, and those passed over were discontented and inefficient, which crippled the whole army.

As we understood that the Russians would be attacked the next morning, we were early on the look out, and much vexed at finding ourselves anchored so far from the shore, while the stirring preparations were going on. Finding Drummond was going on board the *Agamemnon*, I seized on the opportunity of getting a lift there also. We found the poop crowded with officers, and every glass in use to follow the advance which had already commenced. A line of troops was passing along the shore, while darker masses traversed the plain at greater distance, their skirmishers thrown in advance and approaching the wood on the banks of the river occupied by the enemy. The village opposite the centre of the Russian position was already in flames, and a few Russian soldiers could be seen setting fire to the hay or corn in the fields, almost within gunshot of the French. The column on the shore

halted for a time, when presently a line of troops diverged from the main body, and advanced to the river about half a mile from the coast, and commenced ascending the cliff by a steep winding road. Still not a shot was fired by the enemy, and to our surprise we saw the leading battalion, apparently Zouaves, establish themselves without resistance, and form in line on the summit.\* A knot of French officers gathered on one of the tumuli so common in the country, evidently watching the enemy. The artillery next followed, but two of their guns had scarcely reached the top when one of the carriages broke down, and the whole line came to a stand still, just as the Russians opened their fire. The French were evidently hard pressed, and one of their battalions fell back under shelter of the hill. Our suspense was not of long duration, the road became clear, the guns moved up rapidly, and swarms of skirmishers pressed up in all directions. The French advanced beyond the crest and had apparently established themselves in force on the summit. Now, said Sir Edmund Lyons, the Russians may walk off, or they will be caught as in a trap. Every eye was meanwhile on the strain to watch the advance of our

\* Captain Powell of the Vesuvius has since told me that the crest of the hill, where the French ascended it, was occupied by the Russian camp on the 14th. The shells thrown into it by our steamers thus cleared the way for the French. On the 20th the Vesuvius and a French steamer were employed in shelling the Russians out of a village near the coast about a mile further on. This must have favoured the French attack.



countrymen. That they were moving on was clear from the hot fire of the Russian batteries, and some of our shells exploded from time to time among them. The Russian infantry was massed in dense squares in the rear of their guns; but the smoke of the burning village hid our own people, till at length a body of our troops and some mounted officers, who had passed the river, advanced between us and the batteries, and seemed to penetrate into the valley, and shortly after a straggling line of red coats burst on view beyond, rushing forward to carry the battery. Everything which followed was seen by snatches, and imperfectly discerned in the smoke and distance. A strong column of the Russian infantry descended the hill, as if to take part in the struggle, and was suddenly halted. The fire of the battery which was nearest to us soon after ceased. The guns of the next began to move off, but some of the artillerymen stood to the last moment trying to bring others away. Bodies of our troops were pushing forward in every direction. The Highlanders crowning the heights on the right, while the Russians moved off in broken masses until all was lost in the distant smoke which hung like a cloud over the valley. Turning my eyes back to the slope in front of the Russian battery, it was red with the bodies of our troops. It was now only 4 o'clock, and a party from the Agamemnon went ashore to follow our troops. Returned with Drummond to the Retribution.

Early the next morning, the boats of the fleet were ordered ashore to assist in carrying off the wounded. My anxiety to have particulars and ask after friends was so great that I jumped into the first that left the ship. The road to the field could be traced by the line of wounded that were making their way to the shore, some carried on stretchers, others (French) limping on with difficulty. I pushed on for the scene of the English struggle, and passing the village crossed the river by the bridge, and ascended the hill which led to the Russian redoubt. The scene of the fiercest struggle lay to my left, and the ground was thick with the slain. I could not resist the temptation of entering the redoubt, but the sight of the dying and dead around me was sickening and I quickly passed on. The first bodies I had fallen in with on the other side of the river were covered by their cloaks, but as I advanced this became impossible, and they lay as they fell, many of them stiffened and contorted. The wounded were propped up and were waiting their chance of removal. A considerable number of Russian dead lay outside the work, mixed with our men. Groups of officers and men were scattered about, eagerly discussing the events of the previous day, or examining the bodies of the fallen. The work which covered the Russian artillery was formed of earth thrown up from the rear, and was scarcely three feet high. It gave cover to their artillerymen and a body of infantry that lined it ;

but it offered no obstacle to our advance. It was pleasing to observe the pity with which our people looked on the wounded Russians; one of them, shocked at the coarse stuff a young lad had by him, handed over his biscuit from his scanty store, whilst others tried to comfort them with the words, 'Doctor, ship,' which they supported as much as they could by signs. I gladly passed on from scenes of misery I could not alleviate, and after visiting the hill carried by the Highlanders, I passed the valley (about a mile in breadth) to the opposite ridge, where I found the first and second Divisions, and asked after friends. I sat a short time with Sir D. Evans, whose wound I had heard of; and with Sir C. Campbell, who described to me the part his brigade had taken in the action. When he saw the struggle on his right in front of the batteries, he pushed, he said, for the height which turned and commanded the redoubt.

There was evidently no intention of advancing that day. While I was sitting with Sir De Lacy, an officer came in with a message from (I think) Lord Cardigan, to the effect that the Russian cavalry was advancing, and that one of our Divisions was getting under arms. Sir De Lacy was very hard of belief that there could be anything in this demonstration. By the time I reached the French camp, which I passed on my return, nearly all the dead were buried. This was about one o'clock. I descended the road by which the French right had advanced. It is very steep and difficult. The cliffs

rising from the river are high, with ravines running inwards, which impeded the French formation, but was favourable to skirmishing. There was a good ford at the bottom. Nothing struck me more in this rapid survey of the ground than its extent. That which from the sea seemed crowded into a narrow space was found to extend over more than three miles. Any one who has seen the rise of the South Downs from the Sussex plain will have a tolerable idea of the Russian position. Near the sea the rise became a cliff. The summit was open and undulating, and artillery could go anywhere. The width of the valley that separated the two portions of the Russian army seemed to be the chief defect in their position. On returning to the beach, I found it crowded with wounded, who were being conveyed to the transports. Gangs of sailors were now hard at work bringing them down from the field hospitals, and the French were equally busy near the mouth of the Alma.

Personal considerations overpowered my interest in this painful scene. Having started in the morning without my breakfast I was now dead beat, but being so fortunate as to fall in with some friends of the *Britannia*, they took me on board one of their boats, where I drank eagerly from a water beaker and got some biscuit, and finding Drummond's gig further on the beach I wrapped myself in his cloak and fell asleep at the bottom of the boat.

I went ashore the next day with Sidebottom. We

landed at the mouth of the river and scrambled up the cliff by a rugged path which the Turks had ascended on the day of the battle. They formed on the summit, but never advanced, probably from the want of the support of artillery. Our walk carried us through the French camp to our own, where we paid some visits, and I went on to the Light Division, which was somewhat in advance, following the line of the Russian retreat, strewn with knapsacks and accoutrements. There was a gorge in the hills where great confusion must have arisen. The Russian force, beaten by the English, must have divided at this point: part following the ravine, got upon the plateau, and joined the force opposed to the French; the remainder and more numerous portion followed the broad valley to the left which struck inland, and were covered in their retreat by their cavalry. In our return, we followed the ground I had traversed the day before. I wished particularly to see the position of the other Russian battery whose fire bore on our troops, and which we could see from the Agamemnon. It was well placed to command the village and the plain beyond. It was nearer the river and less elevated than the work at the right, where our troops suffered so severely, but no attempt had been made to form a parapet.

Our wounded had been all brought in; but several wounded Russians were borne along, who must have lain out for two nights. Fell in with Kinglake, who

had gone ashore after the landing, had advanced with the army, and joined Lord Raglan's staff in the engagement, and was in fact in the thick of it. Lord Raglan was at the right of the British army and pushed on across the river in advance of our troops. The eminence he ascended was so commanding that he ordered up some guns, which played with effect on the flank of the force that the English were attacking.

In our walk down to the sea, I turned aside to look at the village through which General Bosquet's force advanced. The remains of large masses of burnt hay filled up the road, as if placed there for the purpose of impeding the advance.

Colonel Dalrymple, of the Fusilier Guards, came on board slightly wounded in the knee, and Sir C. Hamilton, who commanded the regiment in the engagement, and was now going home; Colonel Walker having just come out to take the command. It was a scene, they said, of the greatest confusion. Part of the Light Division were borne down right through them, with Russians intermixed. The Guards formed again quite coolly, and commenced a fire on the enemy who were advancing, that was most deadly. The men quite collected, and asking what sight they should use. The first sign of relief was to see the Grenadiers on their right, who had their right shoulders thrown forward, and were advancing steadily and clearing all before them. The Light Division, Dalrymple thought, was too long unsupported. Every one that I have met these last two

days, who was engaged in the action, feels the utmost confidence that we have given the Russians a thorough beating, and that they cannot rally again until they fall back on Sebastopol.

24th.—On the evening of the 22nd, instructions came from the Admiral for our vessel to start with some other steamers in chase of several Russian line of battle ships, reported to have escaped from Sebastopol. The intelligence came from the Turks, who were most positive as to the fact, having seen the Russians come out, so they said. The only port the Russians could move to must be Nicolaïf, for Odessa could afford no protection; and it could only be when lightened of their guns that they could reach the former place. It seemed therefore very unlikely that the Russian fleet should put to sea, unless their position at Sebastopol was desperate. Drummond accordingly went on board the *Britannia*, and obtained permission to reconnoitre Sebastopol before starting in chase; and to Sebastopol accordingly we went by the early daylight. The morning was dull and rather misty. As we passed along the coast the smoke from the burning villages showed the line of the Russian retreat, but no troops were to be seen anywhere. As we neared Sebastopol, the light of the rising sun rather interfered with our view of this notable place. The aspect of the white batteries, with their double and treble rows of embrasures, was very imposing. Numbers of men were at work, adding to the defences of the forts of the north side; but to the south there was no appearance of outworks on the land-

ward side, though I looked hard for them. I could see very few soldiers in the town. Several of the ships lay at the harbour's mouth, as if to defend the entrance; one a mere hulk, others with their topmasts struck; the remainder at some distance from the entrance. Drummond counted them, and none were missing. We returned to the fleet with our report. In the course of the evening we received orders to go again to Sebastopol, in consequence of a report that the Russian vessels at the mouth of the harbour were sunk. Here, again, the information came from one of our Allies. Away we went the next morning, and found the report well founded. The tops of the sunken ships were distinctly visible above the water. As we were quietly gazing on the scene before us, a volume of smoke burst from one of the embrasures of Fort Constantine, followed by the boom of a heavy gun, and in the course of two or three seconds, O'Reilly, who was at the fore-top, reported that a shot had fallen right ahead. Finding we were within range, they commenced a dropping fire of shot and shell from the two forts at the mouth of the harbour, and the blockhouse at the north promontory; some fell near and splashed the water half-mast high; and one, I was afterwards told, passed between the fore and main mast, but the greater number fell wide, as might be expected at a range of nearly two miles. We were soon out of range; and Drummond told me, as we went down to breakfast, that he varied his pace to dodge them. This second view of Sebastopol strengthens the



impression that there are no new works on the south side. Returned to the fleet. Service on board—the same readiness on the part of the men to join in the psalms and responses, as I observed in the *Britannia*.

28<sup>th</sup>.—On the 23rd, the army advanced to the Katcha, and on the following day advanced on the bold move to attack Sebastopol from the south, a hazardous movement in the face of an enterprising enemy; but, according to report, the Russian army is very much broken by its defeat on the Alma. Our troops, on the other hand, are in the highest spirits. From the glance I had of the field, I did not think their loss exceeded our own, and they were not pursued. It is certain, however, that they have not rallied at all. Slade paid us a visit on Monday, and sat an hour or two; his estimate of the Russian force engaged was derived from a Polish or Russian prisoner, who said there were eleven regiments of infantry, whose complement when filled up, amounted to 3000 each. This would make the Russian force too small. Slade expressed great doubt if the Turkish Empire can bear the strain of the war. They exhaust their resources, and find it difficult to keep up the numerical strength of their army. This is a question deserving the attention of politicians; unless the Russian power is weakened in a greater proportion than that of Turkey, the efforts of our armies will be vain. The capture of Sebastopol will be a notable check to the power of Russia for a time; but Turkey, in the mean time, will crumble in its own

weakness. Slade gave an instance of Tartar fanaticism. They had plundered the Christian churches, and were offering the religious ornaments to the Turks. Slade bought up as many as he could find. The Tartars will suffer for it when the Russians return, as they eventually will.

On Tuesday, Drummond was ordered to clear the beach of the Commissariat baggage, and a number of odds and ends that were left behind when the army advanced. I was glad of the opportunity offered me to go ashore to see the banks of the Katcha. Walked up the hill with Bouverie, who prepared his revolver for immediate service. The place seems admirably suited for landing troops; the beach excellent, the valley broad, and the surrounding hills sloping, easy of ascent, and offering no cover against the fire of our ships. Drummond told me Sir E. Lyons had recommended it; but there was a doubt, if it would have been large enough for both French and English. As we reached the top of the hill, a wide plain stretched before us, and the fort above Sebastopol closed the view — not a living thing was to be seen. A solitary English tent was visible about three miles off, which was presently struck; and we were shortly joined by Murray\* of the Engineers, who had been left in the exposed plain, to keep up signals with the fleet. No Cossacks, however, showed themselves near his scanty guard, though he seemed almost under the guns of the fortress.

\* Killed during the siege.

We took on board a cargo of six camels, about 80 bullocks, as many carts, a few horses, and a guard of soldiers ; and with this motley cargo we sailed for Balaclava ; passed Sebastopol (not within range), and coasted the frowning rocks of the south coast after dark, and came to anchor among our own ships, which were lying at the harbour's mouth.

As we were without information of the advance of our troops beyond the Black River,\* we looked out anxiously with the earliest dawn, to see if this important harbour was actually in our hands. The Agamemnon and other steamers lay off the shore, and the mast of a large vessel could be seen above the rocks, and told us where the harbour lay, for its mouth was undiscernible. Our doubts were soon solved, for the Agamemnon got under weigh, steered for the cliffs, and seemed to walk into them. Drummond went ashore, and returned with the intelligence that not merely was the place in our hands, but the head-quarters established there ; and Kinglake with Romaine in possession of a house. He gave me a boat to go ashore, and away I went, and found a scene striking beyond description. This little harbour, about half a mile long and not 300 yards wide at its broadest part, shut in by high bare rocks, dipping deep to the water, and resembling a highland lake rather than a commercial port, was now filled with our large transports and men-of-war, moored right across and almost touching the shore on either side. The streets and wharfs were crowded

\* Chernaya.

with our men, and the work of landing stores, &c. was already begun. I did not find Kinglake, but fell in with other friends, who told me what had passed during the last two days; the long and fatiguing march to the Black River, and the capture of this place. Our men were said to be much knocked up, and great sickness was the consequence: numbers of sick were being brought in to the hospitals established here. Some blundering took place in advancing on this place, which was supposed to be without troops. Lord Raglan was quietly riding in with his staff, when some guns opened on him. The handful of men who formed the garrison were soon made to surrender; and their commander being questioned why he attempted to defend an untenable place, pleaded that he had not been summoned.

I took a walk inland for a mile or two through vineyards, and found our men helping themselves to the grapes in every direction. I soon exchanged the rocky mountains of the coast for gentler eminences, and a broad plain stretched before me to some chalk hills to the north, through which I understood our army had marched. The mass of rock which surrounds Balaclava, does not extend far in any direction. It is either the work of fire or altered by fire, and protrudes itself between stratified rocks, which run along this part of the coast.

Returned in the evening to the Katcha; heard of the Albion's men, who were left in charge of the Russian wounded at the Alma, being threatened by a strong body of the enemy; but we were left in doubt

whether they were reinforcements from the north, or part of the force defeated on the 20th. Captain Lushington had to gather his men together and retire. Many of the Russian wounded were left behind, and the poor fellows were said to be very unwilling to be thrown back into the hands of their countrymen.

The Arrow gun-boat, with two Lancaster guns, joined the fleet during our excursion to Balaclava, and had its first trial this afternoon. Some other steamers accompanied it, and they fired away at long ranges. We could not judge of the effect from the Katcha, and I do not think the report of its practice was satisfactory. One shell burst at the muzzle of the gun, and the effect of the others seemed rather doubtful. Our steamers have now been constantly employed in shelling the Sebastopol forts, and if we have not done more against them than the forts have done against us, it is so much powder and shot thrown away. The Sampson is the only one of our vessels that has been struck. Her main-mast was hit. Drummond expects to have his turn soon.

*Balaclava, Oct. 2nd.*—On the morning of the 29th we were ordered again to Balaclava. This was good news to me, as the interest of the war is in the land operations. We strained our eyes not a little from the anchorage at the Katcha to watch the advance of our troops on the heights above the town. Bodies of men could be seen taking up their position, while masses of smoke rose from the

town and from some point inland ; the former of which were supposed by the more sanguine to be the dockyards in flames, but probably only the out-buildings destroyed preparatory to defence, as my friends at Balaclava had heard nothing about it. We sailed for Balaclava in the afternoon with 500 marines, part of a body of 1000 or 1200 who are to assist in the defence of Balaclava. Lieut. Baines\* of the Engineers, who has been assisting in the defence of Eupatoria, came round with us. He reports that the descendant of Ghengis Khan is actively engaged in making money out of the poor Tartars.

On the morning of the 30th I went ashore, and called at Kinglake's quarters, whom I found at breakfast with Romaine, the Judge Advocate, Colonel Dickson of the Artillery, Captain M'Donald, Provost-Marshal, Russell, the 'Times' Correspondent, and Dr. Smith. Finding me inclined to come ashore, they asked me to join them, which I gladly accepted. The work of landing guns and stores was now in active progress. The town, which is very small, seemed almost deserted by its inhabitants, and all the shops closed. Walked with Kinglake to camp, to take my first peep at the land side of Sebastopol; joined Twopeny and O'Reilly, who were bound on the same errand. We ascended the heights by a gradual slope, and soon left vineyards and cultivation behind, and entered on a stony, bare plain, slightly undulating,

\* Killed during the siege.

and partially broken by ravines. Nothing could be more sequestered than one of these hollows. It was more than a mile in length, and the only sign of life we could observe as we wound through it were two horses quietly grazing. Passing on, an artillery officer directed us to a white house\* which commanded an excellent view of the place, and was moreover a good mark for the enemy's shot which were playing in that direction. We found our troops retiring behind the crest, as their first position was too exposed, but the Russian guns were now directed against the hill to our right. The panorama is most splendid. The town lies below, about two miles off, the ground falling gradually towards it, while harbour, shipping, and swarms of Russians working at the defence appear in view. The chief works seemed to be at our left, and the space between those batteries and the creek had the appearance of being undefended. Returned to dinner with Sir E. Lyons, and met a large naval party. The conversation rather nautical. Captain Moorsom had measured by scale the range of the guns of the Star fort, and thought they would command the town. He thought the Wasp battery might be kept in check by a single liner, while the rest of the fleet attacked the batteries. Sir E. Lyons' manner at his own table is very pleasant and playful; an air of quiet humour plays round his countenance, but he was evidently tired; he had been the whole afternoon reconnoitring with Lord

\* Maison d'eau.

Raglan and Sir G. Cathcart, and returned with the impression that the town was open to attack. Could we not walk into it? he observed quietly.

The next morning, the 1st, I made my preparations for landing, and went ashore after church; heard from Dr. Smith of the death of my friend, Dr. Mackenzie, by cholera, shortly after Alma, and passed the afternoon in enquiries from Drs. Renton and Scott. Mackenzie was a volunteer, whose enthusiasm for his profession led him to join the army in Bulgaria, and he came on to the Crimea, attached to the 79th. He was strong, but hard work and exposure have borne down the most vigorous frames. Dined with my new friends, discussed the Alma and campaign. After dinner a prisoner was introduced to the care of Captain M'Donald, a very young man, the son of a Lutheran clergyman in Sebastopol, whose manner in the evening was rather dry and short, but he entered readily into conversation with me the next morning. His family is of German origin, but long settled in the Crimea. He tells me that the snow does not lie long, and the winters are not severe. This agrees with the account of the traveller Pallas, the most accurate writer on these countries.

My servant reported to me early the next morning, that he had found excellent lodgings. I was rather sceptical of any good quarters being still unoccupied, but went to see. The rooms were good, and the family (Greeks) were very willing to



have me, to secure a quiet lodger and keep out the military. Such was the inducement which my servant had held out to the priest—a venerable looking man, a study for a Rembrandt—who talked a little French and introduced me to the family, which was composed of one or two men and several severe looking ladies sitting on a divan which ran round their room. The habitable apartments of this and the other dwelling-houses of the town are on the first floor and are faced by a rickety verandah, which may be said to form the sitting-room of the house. My new friend, the priest, is very cringing, but it seems to be the custom here to abase themselves before the ruling caste; for every native I meet makes me an obeisance, and I almost fancy myself in India again.

This morning, the 3rd, I made the purchase of a pony, and rode along our outposts about two miles off; the scene one of complete solitude. Our videttes occupy the ridge, beyond which the ground falls, and the Black River is seen in the distance.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—Rode to the camp and saw the town from a new point. Called on Sir C. Campbell and talked over the Alma. “How was it,” I asked, “that the Russian battery which played on his brigade caused such little loss?” “They had,” he thought, “the range of the river, but as he advanced they took up a new position a little further back, and their fire was then very wide.” His men advanced very rapidly, his object being to gain the flank of the Russian battery, which was

doing so much execution against the First and Light Division. The fire of our men was very deadly, and they loaded as they advanced—that which, he said, every charge by the bayonet usually ends in. He thought this mode of firing ought to be more attended to, and form part of the ordinary exercise of troops. I asked, if he thought the Russians retired in much disorder? “Not very great,” he said; “those bodies which had come into conflict with us were in great confusion, but there were columns who were not engaged and helped to cover the retreat, without which their heavy guns could not have been brought off. Indeed, if the country had not been as hard as a formed road they must have fallen into our hands. The heavy metal of the Russian guns rendered our artillery unable to compete with them effectively during the attack; hence the heavy loss we incurred.”

*Thursday, 5th.*—Rode again to the camp with Tremehere; paid visits; went to the extreme right, which is protected by the natural declivity and masses of underwood. Saw Sir D. Evans, but only for a few minutes. Some 84lb. shot had been bowling through his camp that morning. “Will you not come and pass the day with me,” he added. On our return found the French hard at work forming batteries to guard our rear. As the headquarters have moved up to the camp, and my friends move with it, I am now thrown on my own resources, but having good lodgings and being able

to purchase provisions from the transports I am not badly off. I have received some rye for my pony from my landlord.

*Friday, 6th.*—Visit to cavalry camp; called on Colonel Doherty of the 13th; had from him an account of what passed at the passage of the Bulgancac on the 19th of last month. His brigade was advanced across the river against what appeared to be a small body of the enemy's horse. As our cavalry approached the hill the Russians showed in considerable force supported by guns, and we had nothing for it but to retire, which was done in good order, facing about occasionally. Our horse artillery came forward to their support or they would have fared badly; as it was, we lost several men and horses.

*Saturday, 7th.*—Rode again to the front. The enemy's batteries daily assume more form and substance; heard that Balaklava was threatened, but by the time I reached the crest of the hill overhanging the valley the Russians had withdrawn.

*8th.*—This morning I climbed the hill on the east of the town, beneath which the country lies like a map. A strong body of marines are here posted and I met friends of the Britannia. They said the force which threatened Balaklava amounted to 5000 or 6000. Their retreat was to the north, and not towards Sebastopol.

*Oct. 10th.*—On return from riding yesterday I found the town in a bustle and my house in the sole

occupation of my servant. All the Greek inhabitants are cleared off, in consequence, it is said, of the discovery of a conspiracy to burn the government stores. There was a great scene at the exodus of my Greek landlord; the women crying, and the head of the family, a cripple and sot, hugging my servant, and eagerly drinking the glass of brandy with which he comforted him. My servant gave him a bottle at parting to keep up his spirits. My man will sleep more easily now they are gone. The family were not uncivil, but very dry, and my servant having had experience of Greeks in his former travels, used to sleep with a carving knife under his pillow. Of the necessity of this measure of precaution on the part of our chief I can offer no opinion, but presuming there was some plot I thought it possible we might have a night attack, and took my revolver out for the first (and last) time, and prepared for action. The night, however, passed away very quietly, interrupted only by the "All's well" of the sentries, which sounded loud and clear through the silent town.\*

*Oct. 11th.*—Rode to head-quarters. We have

\* The poor people, on being turned out, expressed apprehension of ill-usage from the Tartars. The family in whose house I was staying went to Kamara, where I afterwards saw one of them, but they soon moved away to Sympheropol or elsewhere.

We could not have allowed the Greeks to remain in Balaclava, except as prisoners. They were Russian in interest, and reported everything that was going on in our lines, as there was no check on their egress and ingress.

broke ground at last. Working parties were out last night, and the batteries are considerably advanced, and would have been more so had not a body of 250 men lost their way, which delayed matters. The Russians have kept up a dropping fire of shot and shell against our working parties and pickets, but with very few casualties on our side. We have not in the meantime answered with a single shot, nor shall we until all is ready. On going forward to the ridge overlooking the town I was met by the request, "Do not show yourself there or you will bring a fire on *us*." I chose a position between the pickets, and while examining the works the batteries facing the sea suddenly became very active, and a sailing vessel was seen standing across the harbour, the mark of their shot. She was completely within range, and a perfect storm of bullets splashed around her, but she seemed to bear a charmed life, for instead of heeling over and going down, as I expected every moment, she passed on to all appearance unscathed and ran aground near the French lines. Captain Lushington, whom I joined at the picket house, told me she was under Austrian colours, and he saw the crew take to their boats.\*

\* We heard the next morning that she was towed out in the night by the Beagle gun-boat. Captain Stewart of the Firebrand took the command. He had followed the Austrian ship in the morning in his own vessel, in the hope of towing her out, but the enemy's fire was too hot. During the night operation a strange sail suddenly appeared close at hand, which was evidently a Rus-

*Oct. 12th.*—I walked this morning to the Horse Artillery camp near Balaclava, and made the acquaintance of Captain Maude, to whom I presented LeMarchant's letter. He gave me a very frank reception, and we discussed the defences of this place. The Turkish batteries are placed on the ridge about a mile and a half in advance, but the main defence rests with the English works, which are well placed to sweep the plain. The hills on either side of the gorge which leads to the town are crowned with batteries, while the centre of the gorge is guarded by the works on the hill on which we stood, which only requires a little earthwork to raise a battery formed by nature's hand. Our leaders, he said, anticipated an attack, but his experience of Russians made him doubt if they would face British troops in a strong position. At the Bulganac, where they had guns equal in number to our own, they scarcely fired half a dozen rounds, and their fire was very slow. At the Alma a mass of cavalry with guns were on the Russian right, beyond the hill attacked by the Highlanders, who, though outflanking us, were not brought into action at all. He was placed

sian bent on the same errand as we were ; as there was no time or room for manœuvring he backed his vessel out with the other in tow, and his success led him to repeat the novel manœuvre on the 17th, with the Albion, and probably saved her from being sunk. She was within a few yards of the reef, and one of the ropes which lashed her to the Firebrand being cut by a shot she would not obey the helm.

there on the watch. When he brought his guns up the hill after the advance of the Highland brigade, the confusion of the retreating Russians was very great, their heavy guns were brought away with great difficulty. Maude thought that the Russians expected to have been attacked on their right flank.

In the afternoon I rode out to see the Turkish batteries. The line of the defence may be said to be treble. If the two first are forced, the guns of the Diamond, which is moored across the harbour's head, would command the gorge, and cover the retreat of the ships. Skirting the line of videttes, I fell in with a party of our cavalry returning from a patrol in the valley beyond us, after a brush with a party of the enemy's horse, who fired their carbines at them and made off; they fell back on the main body who were in a village a few miles off Tchorgoum. Turning homeward I saw a line of cavalry, two or three regiments, stretching across the plain on a foraging expedition. I joined them, and had a peep at the country eastward. The village (Kamara) to which they were bound, was not above two miles off, but in a commanding position. The work of loading their horses from the haystacks commenced, while two or three troops took up positions beyond, and at the side of the village. I rode about half a mile further to a telegraph station, and had a fine view of the defiles of the rocky chain beyond, which now shows signs of wood. Here, as elsewhere, the scene is of complete solitude; not an inhabitant or sign of

life of any kind, except a few eagles soaring among the rocks ; men and cattle have been swept off for the service of the two armies. Looking backwards, the eye could follow the valley leading to Sebastopol, as far as the head of the harbour ; an occasional puff of smoke, or the faint boom of a gun told what was there going on. Below was the village to which the Russian cavalry had fallen back in the morning, but not a soul was visible.

13th.—Not very well this morning. Took a short ride, and fell in with Maude, who told me an attack on Balaclava is expected. The Russians, he said, must have good troops to carry a position so strong as that of our troops, supported as they are by batteries on either side. The position of the Turks, on the other hand, struck me as too far advanced. The wharfs of Balaclava are now so clear of the materials of siege operations that serious work must be at hand. Friends from camp, dropping in, report that things are rapidly advancing.

14th.—Remained quiet for the day ; lent my pony to Capt. Moorsom, who told me on his return that our casualties are increasing ten or twenty every day. The Russians had succeeded in enfilading part of the French works, who lost twenty or thirty killed and wounded. I asked him what he thought of Russian practice ; “ Not much,” he said, “ but they fire well at long ranges.” Sir Colin Campbell has come to take the command. This is calculated to inspire confidence, even more than the seasonable arrival of



3000 Turks from Constantinople. They are a fine body of men. Had a visit from Colonel Seymour and Colonel Patton. The account of the former of Alma, confirms Dalrymple's story. The men scrambled through the vineyards, and were hurried into action before they had time to reform.

*Sunday, 15th.*—Rode again over our works here, Sir Colin will have no guns on the outer ridge. Entrenchments are being thrown up to enable the Turkish outposts to make a stand. Met some of Sir Colin's staff. His chief care is to strengthen our right. The mountains are steep and rugged, but a large body of infantry might overpower us.

*Monday, 16th.*—Rode to head-quarters. The beginning of the end is at last at hand. Our batteries open fire to-morrow: what has been the cause of the delay can only be partially explained. That the ground is rocky and difficult to work is certain. I am told by friends in the working parties that in many cases the earth has to be brought from a distance. On the other hand, we have been very little harassed by the enemy, whose fire, though it has caused casualties, has been no impediment to the progress. Colonel Dickson of the Artillery, has been impatient of our delay, and annoyed at Sir J. Burgoyne's doubts if the attack on the right, where his battery is placed, will be so effective as was hoped at first. The hill on which the Russian round tower is placed\* on their left, certainly struck my

\* The Malakhoff.

unlearned eyes as commanding the Dockyard. There has been considerable difficulty in supplying strong working parties (so regimental officers tell me), and our men have been kept incessantly at it.

While sitting with Kinglake and Romaine a hot fire commenced. We all mounted, and rode forward, and in my haste I brought my animal on his knees. When I reached the crest all was over, and the French loiterers who were crowding forward were ordered back, lest they should draw a fire where we stood, a not unnecessary precaution, as a shot fell a little short of us. This fire, which scarcely lasted half an hour, was an attempt to unmask or damage our batteries, and as such was quite ineffective, though it caused a few casualties. Rode to the rear of the French works; they had lost five men; and one poor fellow with both his legs broken was being carried to the rear. Sat some time in the afternoon with Colonel Blake, of the 33rd, whose account of Alma is a repetition of the old story. The Light Division were not able to form under cover of the river's bank, and they were too long unsupported.

I was glad to be joined this evening by Colonel Dalrymple, who has come to take up his quarters with me, as the Retribution goes round to the fleet. The Agamemnon also leaves the harbour.

*Oct. 17th.*—Rode early to the lines. The cannonading sounded dull and low at Balaclava; but as I ascended the hill, and left the still valley behind

me, the thick line of smoke towards the town, the whizzing of the balls, and the occasional globe of smoke when a shell had exploded in the air, showed that the work had begun. I joined a group who were watching it in front of the Light Division, and found them in good spirits. The round tower on the Russian left was silenced, its parapets were knocked to pieces, and the top was covered with rubbish mixed with the dismantled guns. The guns of the earthworks below were still blazing away, and the ground in front of the battery was ploughed with our shot. One face of the Redan was silent, being enfiladed, so Baines of the Engineers told me. Our excitement was damped by an explosion on our left, and it was a relief to hear afterwards that it took place in the batteries of our Allies, and not in our own. I went down the ravine to my left, and crossed to the front of the picket house to watch the working of our batteries, but was dislodged by a random shell exploding too near to be pleasant.\* Our artillerymen worked quite coolly, no appearance of excitement or confusion. The day was hot, and the winds light and variable. The smoke at times obscured everything, then it cleared off, and the working of our batteries

\* The ringing noise of an exploding shell, which I then heard for the first time, is evidently caused by the rapidity of the vibration ; the pieces moving on with a rotatory motion and beating the air rapidly like an insect's wing, or a note in music.

could be seen distinctly. Another explosion to the left completed the disasters of the day. The French batteries quite shut up, and we had to bear the brunt of it. As the fleet was not expected to begin work till noon, I walked to the 2nd Division, and sat with Sir De Lacy Evans. Our position, he told me, was not so strong on the flank as I supposed. The Russians could show a broad front if they were inclined to attack, and would find no difficulty about guns. It would be necessary to have a large force at hand to guard this side. He felt confident, with the support of the Guards and the Division of General Bosquet, to be able to keep 20,000 at bay.

The post came in while we were talking. It brought us the news of the Alma, with the telegraphic report of the fall of Sebastopol; and I was amusing myself with the speculation of our papers on the progress of the campaign, when the roar of cannon in the distance told us that the work of the fleet had begun, and we all started off to see the great trial of the power of our wooden batteries against the formidable defences of the Russian stronghold; but all was vain, the cloud of smoke was impenetrable, and so it remained for the greater part of the day, a single steamer appeared on the right, and the tops of the masts rose above the cloud, and that was all. One question was now determined, viz.—that the Russians were armed at all points. The cannonading of the ships was like a continuous roll of musketry. As I was returning

to the left, I heard our men cheering; and looking to the town, an immense column of smoke rose above the Redan, followed by a loud explosion. This battery was now completely silenced, and balanced the disaster of the French.\* In the afternoon, while making my way to a quarry in front of the 3rd Division, I found myself at head-quarters, just as a new cheer from our men, and a new explosion in front betokened another disaster to the enemy; but it was not so, the explosion was in our own works. Lord Raglan looked anxious, as well he might, until a report from the batteries told us that our magazine was safe, and that the damage was inconsiderable. The French sent in a report that their damage would be replaced in three days, a report which determined Kinglake's wavering resolution to be off to England. The scene here was interesting. The wall of an unfinished building gave a rest to the telescopes of the large party of general officers and staff, while some were sitting in corners reading letters and papers of the post just come in. Though the French fire was silent, the Russian batteries opposed to them played on them pretty hotly, and a general officer with his staff made his appearance on the Russian right. Presently a

\* Menschikoff's report gives thirty-three guns dismounted in one battery, which must have been that which we called the Redan. Deserters from the enemy described the destruction of life by the explosion as very great, and some of our sharpshooters are said to have walked into the battery in the night, and found it empty.

cloud of skirmishers was thrown forward, as if to cover a sortie; but no sortie followed, and the skirmishers fell back, leaving one or two of their number behind. About sunset I left this scene of excitement, and dined with Kinglake and Major Blane. The day was not destined to close with good news, for the report from the fleet was bad. Our ships knocked about and some set on fire—120 killed and wounded, and the damage done to the forts inconsiderable. Another such day, and we must go in with the bayonet and win, or pack up and be off. It was very dispiriting, because our expectations had been too highly raised; but it was not depressing so far as regards the fire of the English batteries, for we had certainly the best of it. Our casualties were few, and it was felt we might have stormed the works opposed to us had our Allies been prepared to do their share of the work.

I slept in camp, and took a walk the next morning with Derriman of the Caradoc in front of the 3rd Division. The Russian batteries, silenced the previous day, were again at work, and the fire was hot on both sides; but the French were silent. We went forward down the slope leading to one of our own batteries, and sat watching the shot plunge into the ravine at our side and the artillery waggons hastening past the line of fire. An ill-directed shot fell right ahead, and bounding over us like a cricket ball, gave warning that our position was ill chosen. I recommended a move to the left, but

my companion seemed anxious to follow up our visitor, whom he found about 200 yards behind us, still warm from the gun.

Hearing that Balaclava was again threatened, I rode to the Turkish outposts, but the Russian force which had advanced to the opposite ridge was withdrawn almost as soon as they were seen by us. A few Russian videttes were hanging about, and our artillery were meanwhile brought forward, and our cavalry in masses behind the crest. The enemy's force was said to amount to about ten battalions.

I rode along the ridge, where some manœuvring of our troopers was going on; small parties were moved here and there as the Russian horsemen changed their position; but it seemed idle work, and I rode home.

There is a new change of plans for the Turkish position. They are to have guns, and this line must be the principal one for our defence.

19th.—Dalrymple off in the Tonnage for Batoum. Rode to the lines. The French batteries are again at work; they had knocked the tower on the Russian right about their ears, but the earthwork batteries returned shot for shot. Such is the difference between stone and earth. It seems clear that no damage is done in the day but what can be repaired in the night on either side, and this kind of work may go on till Doomsday, if our ammunition last so long. Major Tylden of the Engineers says we are not dealing with regular fortifications; this is

an intrenched camp, and only to be carried by a vigorous assault; and herein I thoroughly agree with him. I hear doubts expressed whether the Russians may not have a second line of defence, but unless my eye deceives me, the position of the batteries opposed to the English (I allude more particularly to the work of the round tower or Malakhoff as it has been since called) is such that once carried, it would command all in the rear.

Rockets and red-hot shot were playing on the barracks and shipping, and the former were very much damaged.

*Friday, 20th.*—Rode to the lines as usual. Called on Sir Colin in passing, who thought our right would be attacked, if attack there was to be. He thought the Russians had a strong force in that direction. The loss of the fleet turns out to be greater than was first reported. Some comments were made on Dundas for not going further in. The ineffective nature of a fire at such a distance as 1500 yards is said to be well known. The *Agamemnon*, which went much nearer in than the rest, knocked in some of the casemates. The opinion of a cool and intrepid man like McClaverty may be here worth noting. When I asked him about a week ago, whether the ships could attack the sea-defences of Sebastopol, he said the difficulty consisted not so much in the direct as in the flanking fire of their batteries, which would make it a hazardous attempt. The forts are placed in this



respect with great skill. A vessel which would attempt to force the passage would have to face the tremendous batteries of the inner forts. Called on Captain Chapman. He and his brother engineers are very cheery. His estimate of the number of guns which can be brought to bear on the English attack is 150; in this agreeing with what Major Tylden told me yesterday. The batteries which give the most trouble are those in the garden west of the harbour. Our fire, on the other hand, was very effective, and he thought it would be continued for another day or two before the assault was made.

*21st Oct.*—Another day has passed, and still no perceptible progress; the French fire has been tolerably steady, but the effect of their new and nearer batteries has not been tried. There has been some change in the position of our guns. A new battery has been formed on our right, and the Russians have also been throwing up works in that direction, but with this variation the events of the day are as usual. Not many casualties reported. An explosion in the Round Tower battery gave us some spirits.

It is a common remark in camp now, that we ought to have attacked the place before all these works were formed. This is hardly fair. If the French fire had been as effective as our own, the first day, we might have stormed with great confidence. On the other hand, it should be remembered, that even if the town were defenceless (which it was

not), it is commanded by the Star Fort, as well as those down below, and by the shipping ; and it would have been very hazardous to have attempted an assault without heavy artillery, and the bringing up of these took time, and in the meanwhile the enemy had the start of us in every respect. There was over-confidence in the power of our batteries when completed, which may explain, but it cannot justify our neglect in not interfering with the progress of the enemy's works, which grew daily under our eyes. The Russians worked away in broad daylight and quite exposed, yet we never fired a shot. I feel more disposed to justify the past than the present mode of proceeding. Every day's delay, now that the failure of the present attack has been apparent, the greater will be our difficulties. Lunched with Sir De Lacy Evans — met a Turkish officer, who had constructed the works at Kalifat, and an intelligent young Frenchman attached to him, who was free in his comments on his own countrymen for not having constructed their batteries better. While sitting with them, we heard the town was on fire. I walked to Lord Raglan's post, and saw a thick smoke from the suburb near the water ; but two Russian prisoners told us there were no public works in that direction. Our rockets and shot were playing away, and another fire broke out in the town itself. The Russian fire, especially from the Garden batteries, was very active ; and a new work had been formed to the right (Russian) of the Redan

(since called the Barrack battery). The French fire seemed almost silent, and we were told that another explosion had taken place in their works. On the other hand, they have pushed forward another parallel nearer the town, and the effect of the new and nearer attack will be made before we storm. Chapman is of opinion that to attack the works in front of the English, without at the same time gaining the town, would expose us to hazard; not merely would the Garden batteries enfilade us, but new works raised higher up the creek would render our position difficult to hold. Returned to Balaclava, and while on my way heard of a new alarm in this quarter, and our troops were in part pushed forward, and part under arms in the camp. I was too hungry to wait to see what was to happen.

*24th Oct.*—Not much variety in the events of the last three days, and no apparent progress in the work of siege. Whatever guns we dismount in the day are replaced in the night. Some good shots are reported on the Russian side, one in which the ball entered the muzzle of one of our guns. Prisoners and deserters report that the loss of life in the garrison had been very great. They speak of thousands, but this would include townspeople. The statements of persons taken at different times so far correspond, that Major Dickson, Lord Raglan's interpreter, is inclined to credit them. Many of the sailors' wives, who have not been permitted to leave the town, have been sufferers. Several fires have broken out,

but they have been soon extinguished. I went yesterday, at Chapman's suggestion, down the great ravine that divides the English and French camps, to see a new battery on the left, which he told me commands a good view of the town and harbour. I was joined by Dr. Smith, and we had to cross the line of fire, which was playing on our left attack, and nearly had the benefit of a 32lb shot, which plunged over the cliff a few yards a-head of us, and dashing up the opposite acclivity, fell back again quietly at my feet. The banks of the ravine are very steep and high, rising like walls on either side, with an excellent road at the bottom, forming an approach to the trenches and town. We went about a mile down, and climbing the hill to our left, found ourselves abreast of our great battery on the left attack, and looked down into the harbour, arsenal and town. Some good houses were at the opening of the town, but they are mostly poor in this quarter, which is a mere suburb. The Russian battery directly opposite us (the Barrack Battery) looked like a ruined mud wall, so completely was it hammered by our shot. It blazed away, however, notwithstanding. Every new view I take of this singular place, is a surprise. That which from the sea appears a gentle rising ground, is soon found to be broken by deep ravines running towards the harbour, and generally ending in creeks. As you approach the enemy's works, the ground becomes irregular, apparently consisting of detached eminences. The town appears

to stand on two of these; that nearest the French works being a mere suburb, separated by a deep hollow from the town itself. But this is a place of which no just opinion can be formed, except from survey, and very close reconnoitring.

I slept in camp, and was called out in the evening to watch a fire in the town which blazed bright and long, but went out towards morning. Our hesitation in attacking by assault, is defended on the ground of the crippled state of our force. We number only 15,000 bayonets, so much has the army been reduced by sickness.\* Such reasons should make us cautious, but I cannot believe they sway Lord Raglan in postponing the assault. Hard fighting there must be before the place is won, and there is danger in delay. There is more probable ground for delay, in the unwillingness of the French to venture anything till they have worked up close to the place.

*October 28th.*—On the 25th I was writing after breakfast when my servant reported that Balaclava was attacked at last. A glance from my verandah showed this to be true, as I could see the battery on the left of our works playing away vigorously. The first tidings I met as I went out were of disaster. The Turks had abandoned the position fortified with such care, and stragglers were dropping into the town, against whom the sailors employed on the

\* As the return is independent of seamen and marines, cavalry and artillery, the total force ashore may be estimated at upwards of 21,000.

wharfs vented their disgust in good hard English. Fearing to get entangled among the fugitives, I hesitated to mount my pony, but climbed the hill to the right, and only arrived in time to see the Russian cavalry retreating over the hill beyond the reach of our guns. Some riderless horses collected together and galloped wildly about on the plain, while one stood motionless by his fallen master. Some invalids from below arrived to reinforce our position, and told us the events of the morning,—the charge of the Russian cavalry over the plain; the shameful flight, not merely of the Turks who were placed in advance, but of those who were in line with our own troops; the steady manner in which our men received the cavalry in line; and the charge of the heavy brigade. Their disgust at the conduct of the Turks was beyond all bounds. They broke through the ranks of our men, almost bayonetting them in their eagerness to escape. Their officers are said to have made attempts to rally them. One battalion alone stood at all, and they kept firing away in the air over each other's heads. While talking with some of the officers, a handful of Russian cavalry dashed across the plain to gain possession of an unoccupied hillock on which were some breastworks. The battery near me opened fire, and after one or two wild shots, they pitched a shell so directly on the hill that it sent the Russians scampering. Some Russian guns

then opened on us from the right, but the shot fell short and they gave it up. In the meantime some dark masses could be seen advancing from the allied camp. Part came along the ridge where the Turks had their redoubt, and an officer on a grey horse led forward a body of Turks to recover one of their fieldworks, which they entered and occupied. The Russians now brought up some fieldpieces about half a mile further to the right, and as the English guns were now advanced, they both commenced a hot fire. That of our guns was much more rapid, and the Russian guns were withdrawn. After a while they were brought up again to their former position, with the support of a heavy column of infantry, who lay down under cover. Our infantry were also lying down in line in the rear of our guns, but more English troops were advancing, and as an engagement seemed at hand, I went down for my pony and went out to the plain. No advance, however, was made on our part, and I joined Sir Colin, whom I found with the 93rd, anxiously watching the hill to the right, and considering the means of defending the open ground between the hills and his position, abandoned by our worthless allies. "They may break through there," he said, "this night." He told me that when the Russian cavalry advanced against his position they scarcely received the fire of the 93rd, but moved down on his flank against the Turks, who scrambled away

through the vineyards ; Sir Colin, meanwhile, throwing back a couple of companies to fire on the cavalry, who then made off.\*

I rode forward over the plain and found my friends of the Guards very hungry, and not at all pleased at the idea of bivouac without dinner or great coats. The first redoubt to which I came was marked with the hoofs of the Russian cavalry, who had charged up to the very brink of the ditch. Very few dead or wounded were lying about, Russians only, and struck for the most part by round-shot. I did not fall in with any dead or wounded Turk the whole day, so little had they been pursued by the Russian cavalry in this direction. I passed to the right, up to the redoubt which we had recovered, and saw the Russian army extending in the valley below and on the opposite ridge in strong, but not apparently overwhelming numbers. Then only was I made aware of the destruction of the light brigade of cavalry. The valley a little beyond us was strewn with men and horses. The sight was sickening, and pressed on my mind for the following night. Lord Lucan was said to have received Lord

\* The 93rd occupied a small eminence about 200 yards in advance of the centre battery which defended the gorge leading to Balaclava. The position was an exposed one, but it derived support from our guns of position, which made the Russian cavalry cautious in their attack. The position had the advantage of giving support to our troops in their advance from the camp ; and Sir Colin, in answer to some inquiry, declared his intention of fighting it in case of a renewal of the engagement.



Raglan's written order, and as I was afterwards told, poor Nolan's manner of delivering it hastened the disaster. Lord Lucan expressed surprise at receiving it, as the enemy's cavalry was quite withdrawn. "What am I to charge?" "Charge," said Nolan, "do you not see your enemy?" Lord Lucan, nettled, ordered an advance, and the brigade moved down between a cross fire from the artillery on either hill, swept through the batteries in their front, and were mowed down by grape and musketry until almost annihilated. Only 180 were collected together out of 800, upon their return. Nolan was one of the first killed, his breast was torn open by a shell. I remained with our troops for some time discussing with friends the events of the day, and the probability of an attack on the Russian position. It seemed to be quite abandoned by the time I got to the front.

The following morning early, anticipating that something would be done this day, I climbed the hill on the right to its highest point. The plain below was clear of troops. The Guards and fourth Division had returned to camp the previous evening, and the Russians were hard at work strengthening the works they had taken from the Turks, and their troops were bivouacked in the valley beyond. The force visible appeared under 10,000. On the hill where I now stood there were only two companies of marines, and I began now to understand the cause of Sir Colin's anxiety about this point, the key of his

whole position. Several companies of marines were brought down in consequence of the misbehaviour of the Turks, and the officer in command at the summit was rather anxious, as well he might be. There were only two fieldpieces at the top, and if artillery were brought up to the opposite hill of the chain, his position would have been critical. A deep woody ravine separated the two hills, whilst both sank precipitously to the sea, but a narrow ridge united them, along which ran a road, which we had broken up. A group of Russians with a mounted officer were reconnoitring us from a neighbouring point barely out of range. It certainly will be difficult for the Russians to bring up guns to these points. On returning home I found the transports moving out of harbour, and I had to consider my own means of getting off in case of need. I had for two or three days past been preparing for departure; my horse's stock of provender was exhausted, and with no means of locomotion there would be no pleasure in staying ashore. Nothing, however, was to be done in the scene of bustle; and I was on the point of mounting to take my last ride, when Captain Heath, of the Niger, who had heard of my difficulty, offered me a passage to the fleet, from which I might get away in the next dispatch boat. Such an opportunity was too good to be lost. I packed up in the course of an hour, and behold me once again launched on the waters. We ran round the coast, passed the scene of naval conflict, saw Fort

Constantine looking well powdered, and could see distinctly the props to the shaking walls, and we were on board the Britannia before dark. In the Admiral's cabin, I found Lord G. Paulet, McClaverty, and others, whose astonishment was great when they heard from Heath, that the abandonment of Balaclava had been under discussion at head-quarters that morning; a step which they regarded as preliminary to abandoning the whole enterprise. I did not, nor do I think now, that we can relinquish such an important harbour. If we cannot guard it, we cannot meet the enemy in the field, and we have become the besieged in place of the besiegers.

I had much to talk over with my friends of the Britannia, and having heard from them and other officers of the fleet what passed on the 17th, I was glad to find the Admiral quite clear of many of the vague attacks that have been made against him in camp, on account of his delay in coming into action, and the distance at which he took up his position. It would appear from their account that the attack on Sebastopol was made in compliance with the desire of the military chiefs that the fleet should co-operate with the land attack. It was represented to Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, on the other hand, that the supply of ammunition in the fleet was limited, and perhaps unequal to a double effort. If they supported the first day's attack, they might not be in a condition to assist them on the day of assault, and it was left to them to decide on which

day the fleet should take its part. They decided in favour of the first,\* and so the order for attack was given, but it was only made known to the fleet on the night before the action. According to the plan of attack as first arranged, the French fleet was to engage the batteries on the south side, while the English fleet came down from the north in the line afterwards taken by the *Agamemnon*, but in deference to the strong representations of the French Admiral the plan was changed on the very morning of the action, and the *Britannia*, with a certain number of the English ships, took the same line with the French. This caused delay. To prevent the ships getting foul of each other our ships' heads were brought to the same line with the French, N.N.E.; but to effect this the steamers lashed alongside the line-of-battle ships had to make a long circuit; the manœuvre was a novel one, and the line-of-battle ships proved unwieldy, and were brought later into action; the French having already taken up their position about 1500 or 1800 yards from the harbour's mouth. We could not have gone in nearer, so I was told, without interfering with the French fire. Indeed, as it was, the vessels interfered with each other.

\* The terms of the application, I have been since told, contemplated the probability of the assault taking place the same day. The fleet was expected to cease firing on the town as soon as the fire from the trenches ceased. Combined movements in large land forces are rarely well timed, but to expect such nicety in the smoke and confusion of an attack by sea was absurd.

The bow of the leading ship of the French fleet almost touched the Britannia's stern, and the Queen had to change her berth in consequence of a Turkish ship getting foul of her, and in this respect the number of vessels engaged was an embarrassment. Those of our ships which engaged from the north were certainly much nearer Fort Constantine and the northern forts, but it is equally certain that they all, with the exception of the Agamemnon, were very roughly handled, and if bad weather had come on immediately after the action, some of them would have been in danger. The enemy's fire, which told most, came from the Wasp fort and a new earthwork on the edge of the cliff, which fired down on our ships with great effect. The London was on fire in several places and had to sheer off. The Albion, during the hour and a half she was under fire, was constantly employed in putting out the fire, which was kindled as fast as it was extinguished, and for three quarters of an hour she was unable to fire a shot. The Sanspareil was very much knocked about, a shell fired from above exploded in her cockpit; and the Rodney, which was sent in to support the Agamemnon, ran aground, and the Arethusa was so much damaged that she was sent to Malta for repair. It was observed to me very justly that the power of firing shell at a horizontal range has given a new advantage to land batteries over shipping which makes the difficulty of attacks by the latter greater than ever.

The question after all is, could the fleet have coped effectively with the sea defences of Sebastopol? It is my belief that it could not. To hear people talk, one would suppose that our line-of-battle ships had nothing to do but to run alongside the forts at the harbour's mouth and blow them to pieces. I should like any person who thinks so to look at the plan of the Russian works, and point out any position that a ship could take up near the mouth of the harbour in which she would not be raked stem and stern by the fire of the inner forts. The shoal in front of Fort Constantine was very much in our way; the entrance became narrower near the forts, and very few ships could have gone in together. It was therefore a choice of difficulties. A few vessels going in at a close range would have been knocked to pieces, and at the distance which the French and English fleet opened fire their fire was comparatively ineffective. I understand that the Admiral's plan, which was superseded by that of the French, was, that the fleet should have gone in with steamers lashed alongside and have kept moving; but seeing the difficulty we experienced in moving ships in this novel mode, I doubt if it would have answered. The occasion was not one for rash operations; the success of our attack must depend upon the army, and there was some uneasiness in camp when we heard that the fleet had suffered. "What will become of us?" was said. The importance of a diversion by the fleet

was apparent, for until the attack was made we did not know that the garrison was armed at all points, but I do not think there is ground for impugning the manner in which the attack was made.

The fleet showed few outward marks of the conflict, the sides of the ships having been quite repaired and repainted. It was not easy, however, to recognize my old friend the Retribution in the two-masted vessel before me. The manner in which its main-mast fell was very singular, so clean was it shot away that it fell perpendicularly and remained sticking in the deck; a circumstance which gave rise to the suspicion that the shot came from one of our own guns. Finding that the mail would be taken in a French steamer, and that there would be a difficulty in getting a passage in her, I decided on returning to Balaclava the next afternoon, from which I might take the first opportunity which offered of getting away in a transport. I was not sorry for an excuse for prolonging my stay for a few days, as I was sure Captain Powell would give me a berth. I came round in the Stromboli; Captain Hall having the kindness to give me a passage; we arrived after nightfall at the old anchorage. I went with Captain Hall on board the Sanspareil, where we found Captains Dacres, Tatham, and Lord J. Hay. No longer any talk of abandoning Balaclava, which is strengthened with new works. Matters in other respects are *statu quo*. Colonel Daveney, Commandant of the town,

and Captain Hamilton, Assistant-Quartermaster-General, came on board with very long faces. They had just come from Sir Colin Campbell, and after mentioning Sir C.'s anxiety about his right, which he thought was threatened by a movement of the enemy in that direction, Captain Hamilton reported that he had seen parties of the enemy scrambling along the cliff as if to gain the height. Captain Dacres's reply was characteristic of the man and the profession: "Well," he said, "I have been working all day, taking every conceivable precaution; every spare man from the ships has been landed; my mind is at ease. I shall now go to bed, and if we are attacked you will see if I do not go out and fight like a brick." The seasonable reinforcement of some marine artillerymen had given such delight to Sir Colin, that he was ready to embrace Captain Dacres.

I took up my quarters for the night on board the *Vesuvius*, in Captain Powell's cabin, and looked out eagerly in the morning to the threatened hill, which was still in the peaceable occupation of our marines. Went ashore and reported myself to Captain Powell, who gave me a warm invitation to stay and occupy his berth. I found Sir Colin in his accustomed position at the central battery, still pointing with anxiety to his right. The Russians were to be seen hard at work in our front, strengthening their position, while we were as busy adding to our works. Heard particulars of the



repulse of the Russian attack on the 26th, which was most decisive. The enemy came with great force against our right, but their dense columns encountered so hot a fire that they were driven back in great confusion. Prisoners said that Menschikoff harangued them, telling them the English guns were carried the previous day, and they had only to move forward now to drive us all into the sea.

29th.—Much firing in the night, which turned out to have arisen from some of the enemy's horses breaking loose, and galloping towards our camp. Our men turned out and the Russians also opened fire, which they continued for some time. Many of the horses were caught by our people. The work of entrenching still going on, and carried in a continuous line through the vale, and uniting all our batteries in one work.

30th.—Rode to the lines and heard from engineer friends that the crisis is really at hand; our guns are to assist the French in their attack on the Russian right, to which our efforts are now to be chiefly if not solely directed. Lunched with the sailors and sat some time with Moorsom. All agree that our men, soldiers and sailors, are dead sick of the work in the trenches. What with hard work and exposure to cold, not to mention the being almost daily placed in a post to be shot at, one cannot wonder they should be impatient to go at it with the bayonet. The wind has again been very cold and cutting, blowing hard over the steppes.

The firing very slack, and apparently kept up *pro forma*. Casualties few. Captain Morell gave me an amusing account of a Russian officer, a prisoner of the 26th, bullying them after dinner for not having entered Sebastopol the day we arrived. "The Russians," he said, "considered the south side untenable, and were prepared to walk out. Why did you not attack?" Our people were speechless.

31st.—More firing in the night near Balaclava, which Sir Colin told me came from the Russians alone, who thought themselves attacked, and blazed away with shot, shell, and musquetry with great vigour, and kept it up for some time. Walked with Captain Powell across the plain to the ridge now in possession of the Russians. Their force in the old position, and apparently kept constantly under arms. Great flight of eagles floating in the air, above us, attracted by the carrion. I counted 40 in one flight.

November 1st.—Rode to the lines. The French new batteries have opened at last, and were firing with great vigour. The Russian batteries on the right were active, but the Garden batteries had slackened their fire. New works in the rear of the old line are now very distinctly perceived. Sat some time with Chapman, who had the plan of attack in his hand. The French and English are to join in a combined attack on the works west of the creek, and the town being carried, we should then work eastward against the Redan and other batteries we have been

pounding so long. To attack the whole line at once would have been too much for our weak force; and there seems no question now, but that we must occupy the town before we can think of advancing to the Redan, &c. as the Russians have strengthened their works at Careening Bay, behind which they will be enabled to retire, and probably withdraw their fleet to the head of the harbour. Our operations in this direction Chapman thought would be carried on with some caution.

My conversation with him decided my plans. As the attack on the town, which may take place in a day or two, or in a week, is only the commencement of a series of operations, which cannot occupy less than a month, it is out of the question that I can stay for the end; and the first part of it—the sack of a town, is one to be avoided. My desire to see something of war has been long since sated; and were it not for the surpassing interest of the present struggle, and the hope of going over the works I have watched so long, I should have started before this.

*2nd Nov.* — Joining Sir Colin this morning, I found all on the *qui vive*. Signals from the hill on the right announced that the enemy were advancing, and some force was seen in motion along the mountain height. Sir Colin all life at the prospect of action. A couple of guns opened against the hill, but the shells exploded in the intervening ravine, and the Russians showed no desire to bring their

field-pieces nearer. Some skirmishers could be seen pushing forward through the brushwood, but a shot or two from our guns sent them to the right about. All was silent. We waited patiently to see if this would be followed up by a demonstration in our front, but the ridge remained bare as ever. I rode up the hill to the right, but the Russians had now quite withdrawn. Their force in the distant valley has certainly been very much increased since my last view, and officers on the hill told me, that it has been reinforced during the last two days. Two field-pieces seem quite unequal to the defence of a position, whose importance is such, that, if carried, our other batteries would be taken in reverse, and Balaclava would be untenable. Sir E. Lyons, whom I met on my return, thought the object of the Russians to-day had been to ascertain whether English or Turks held this important point. It struck me that they wanted to know what guns we had, but the reconnaissance had probably both objects in view.

*Nov. 3rd.*—Took this day my leave of the Crimea. Commander Hore of the *Beagle*, gunboat, having kindly offered me a passage in his vessel which takes the dispatches, I gladly closed with the offer, and after putting my things on board, I went ashore to bid good bye to friends. The morning was cold and the wind keen, as it has been for the last week; but as the day advanced the air became warm and genial, as if to reproach me for quitting so enjoyable

a climate. I found Sir Colin and Captain Powell in their usual post in the batteries. The latter pressed me much to continue to occupy his cabin; and some trifling movement taking place in the Russian outposts, he asked me if I could resist such an invitation to stay. If any advance takes place within the hour, said I, I am here for the day, and my baggage may go on to Constantinople without me. No such move was made, and I bade adieu to this scene of excitement that has enchained me so long.

THE END OF JOURNAL OF 1854.

## JOURNAL OF 1855.

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*August 26th.*—AGAIN on the scene of action. I have arrived at apparently the crisis of the campaign. Since I have been here there has been already one general action, and great preparation for another, which is daily expected. Meanwhile, there is a renewal of activity in the trenches, and our approaches are carried up to the very edge of the enemy's works; and we are working on (so my engineer friends tell me) with the prospect of carrying the sap into the works themselves, unless our course is interrupted by the efforts which the Russians are making to raise the siege by a general engagement. Let me note down the course of my history since my arrival.

I left Constantinople on the morning of the 14th, under tow of the Highflyer, thanks to the kindness of Captain Moore in thus helping us on our course; and on the following evening as night set in, flashes of light on our starboard bow, which at first could scarcely be distinguished from the summer lightning that was playing about the horizon, gradually assumed greater and greater vividness, and at length the explosion of shells could be distinctly perceived. As we neared Cape Chersonese we threw off the tow rope, and lay to for the night, and with the morning's

dawn the old scene lay before us, which we have travelled so far to reach, Sebastopol and its well-known heights, and the allied fleet lying off the harbour's mouth. We had to wait till a thunder-storm with two waterspouts had passed away, and then as the breeze freshened we bore down to the fleet, and went on board the flag-ship to report ourselves. Sir Edmund asked us to dinner to meet the Duke of Newcastle, who was staying on board, and had gone up to Eupatoria for the day.

Thirty-five fathoms was rather too much for my cable, but Captain King of the *St. Jean d'Acre* gave us a hawser, and we made fast for the day in a heavy sea, pitching bows under; we got on board the *Royal Albert* in the evening, and found Admiral Stewart, Drummond, Moore, and others besides the Duke. We were greeted by the news of the important engagement of the morning. A short note from General Airey told what had happened, and gave some life to the party, for the wearisome blockade has been very depressing to the fleet. Condemned to play a secondary part in the important struggle, and wait upon the movement of a siege which scarcely seems to advance, the ardent impatient spirit of the naval chief chafes under inaction, and his depression during dinner was very marked. I could not help recalling the last occasion I dined with him, which was early in October last year, when he was full of life and hope. The loss of his son has added to public causes for the depression,

which, as I said before, was very noticeable. The tone of my friends too, when we spoke of the future, was the reverse of sanguine. The Duke had personal grounds of annoyance, in having been absent from camp on the only day that anything important had taken place since his arrival, some three weeks back. I tried to console him by recounting the instances last year when I had been on the wrong side of the hill, but it was to no purpose. I might have added that he would soon be satiated with the sight of fighting, judging from my own feelings; but I could not reprove a desire which I felt strongly last year, at the commencement of the operations, to see the actual struggle, and which I to a certain degree retain. On returning to the St. Jean d'Acre, I found my captain had cast off the hawser on account of the heavy sea that was rolling in, and after beating about during the night we went into Kazatch Bay, and anchored at the mouth. As we stood in, the roar of the batteries along our front made me suppose that a sortie was going on, and as I had the loan of King's pony I got ashore as soon as possible, and Twopeny having also secured a pony we pushed on for the front. We were soon undeceived regarding the cause of the fire; the activity was on our side, our batteries had opened vigorously, to cover our approaches which are now pushed steadily forward.

This my first day on Crimean ground could not fail to be of the greatest interest. I pass over the thoughts that force themselves on the mind on such



an occasion ; the length of the struggle and the horrors of the winter ; the amount of human suffering that this little spot has witnessed since I was last here. I confine myself to a simple record of my observations. My first object, of course, was to see and ask after my friends, and among others I was so fortunate as to find Colonel Chapman at home, and had a long talk with him on all that had passed since we parted last year ; I had much too to hear of our *status quo*, and the state of our own and the enemy's works. My impatience at our slow progress was rebuked by a simple statement of the difficulties under which our approaches are carried on. The mere fact that a very considerable portion of our work has been carried on by blasting the solid rock, literally inch by inch, and this under the fire of batteries at least equal to our own, speaks more than any elaborate statement of the vigour of our attack.

It seems we are now very much dependent on the movements of the French, as the Redan would be untenable unless we are in possession of the Malakhoff. I heard this with some satisfaction, as it was a favourite notion of mine last year that the hill on which the *round tower* stood was the key of the place, and that our principal attack should be from the right, and such no doubt it would have been had we sufficient force to cover our right flank at Careening Bay. Since the French have the possession of this important point our advance has been steady.

On leaving the engineers, as I was eager to get to the front, we went to Cathcart's Hill, and saw the old scene. I was arrested for awhile by the graves of the fallen. It is a noble spot to place them, as the view extends over the camp of the besiegers, with the field of Inkerman, the beleaguered town, and the steppes in the far distance. I felt a little inclined to question the propriety of giving the inscription in Russian as well as English, as it somewhat implied that the Russian sway would again extend over the ground now occupied by a British army, but the feeling which dictates a monumental inscription is not a mark for criticism; and there is singular propriety in the case of Sir G. Cathcart, in letting the Russian as well as the English language record the fact that he served at the beginning of his career with the Russian army at Leipsic, while he fell at Inkerman.

It being now about one o'clock the fire as usual manifested some slackness, and we took advantage of it to move down to a rocky eminence which Chapman had recommended to us; it was in the immediate rear of his battery and within smell of gunpowder. As I had a good glass with me I scanned the Russian works well; they looked black and threatening; lines of gabions showed themselves everywhere, as if the earth had been torn away by the incessant iron shower; very few guns were in the embrasures immediately in our front. I looked for the round tower, my old landmark, but it had

disappeared. I turned to the town, but how changed the scene! The suburb immediately in front of the French left attack had almost been swept away, and whole ranges of buildings in our own front had disappeared. The black lines of defence looked sturdy enough notwithstanding, while the ground immediately in front was scratched with the new parallels and approaches, the work of the last six months. Only one shot passed over our heads while we were in this post of observation. The field of the fight of the preceding day was too far off to be included in this day's ride, and we reluctantly turned our heads homewards. The bazaar of Kamiesch alone would have repaid us for the day's ride; one might almost buy anything, even to a woman's toilet.

We remained at our anchorage for the two following days, fortunate in having friends in the Tribune within a cable's length of us. On Sunday afternoon I ran down in my gig to the fleet, to call on Admiral Stewart, and had a good view of the town with the Admiral's glass, which is a powerful one. A large body of Russian troops are bivouacked near the sea to keep out of range; the floating bridge which the Russians are throwing across the harbour looks a flimsy affair. The sea ran high this afternoon, and boatwork was attended with some risk, and again in the evening when we had to go on board the Tribune to dine with Drummond. The disadvantage of our position here was so great, that I decided on

weighing the next morning and running round to Balaclava. A couple of hours sail brought us in front of the magnificent rocks that flank the harbour's mouth, fatal to so many of our transports last year, and we were soon safely moored in Cossack Bay at the harbour's mouth, and clear of the crowded shipping.

Of the great change which the place has undergone since last year, by far the most striking consists in the immense increase of shipping. The port was crowded enough last year, but with care and method in packing there are at least double the number now, in double and treble rows, and a broad passage in the centre for boats. With regard to the town I was disappointed; some considerable magazines are established in place of old huts and yards, but they still keep to the old expensive system of having a large part of the magazines afloat; keeping in this way so large a number of transports permanently idle.

I found my old habitation still standing, but in a very dilapidated condition, and its yard formed part of the terminus of the railway. Everywhere there are signs of the accumulated exertions that have been made afloat and ashore to make the most of this wretched hole. The very narrow entrance to the town from the plain is widened by blasting the rock which barred the way, and broad lines of traffic are established. Wharfs have risen, and the rickety tramway that is dignified with the name of rail-

road is in pretty active use. But I cannot help reverting to the state of things which I left; asking myself whether the real praise is not due to those who effected so much under the difficulties we then encountered. When I remember the imperfect wharfs and the narrow gorge that closed the way, and the mass of traffic that was done here to supply the wants of a large army and the material of a great siege, I have no hesitation in describing it as admirable. This is, of course, quite independent of the question whether sufficient forethought was applied to the possible contingency of a winter campaign, for it certainly was not. But this neglect is not surprising to those who knew the uncertainty of our tenure of the place after the battle of Balaklava. From that day until I left the country, we lived only for the day, and thought only of the day; every disposable hand was employed in strengthening our defences, and any preparation for a winter residence in a place from which we might have been ousted at any moment would have been folly, until the works were secure against attack.

I speak of the state of things until the first week of November, up to which time the port exhibited nothing of the confusion that has since been described. Perhaps the greatest contrast consisted in the immense increase of the camp followers. The force when it landed was an army of soldiers; a thin line of baggage cattle and carts followed it, and their number was swelled at Balaklava by the ar-

rival of a few hundred mules and drivers. The encampment is now more like an eastern one, in which the camp followers are in great majority ; and a more motley set I suppose never met the eye, and this important element in the picturesque is the only relief to the dreary waste of the country inland ; for, worn as it is by the lines of traffic that cut and cross each other in every direction, the chalk and lime peep out everywhere, and the glare and dust is, if possible, worse than last year. I am surprised that more has not been done in sketching the groups of the camp by our artists, whether amateur or professional, for the country with many elements of beauty and grandeur, has, for the most part, become hideous ; so completely have not merely trees, but every root of brushwood, or vineyard, within reach of our camp, been rooted out for fuel ; while the wooden huts that replace the Tartar villages, are frightful. With regard to the Turkish labourers, I am afraid but little work is got from them in proportion to their extravagant rate of pay ; 3s a day, I am told. Those who are employed on the roads, take it very easy, and the roads are made in the coarsest way ; the stone not properly broken, and so roughly laid down, that they would soon break into holes in wet weather. European superintendence must be here in fault. As likewise with regard to the Land Transport corps, which I am sorry to hear is going on badly, all for the same reason ; some ten thousand horses and mules are given in

charge of a mixed crew of Turks and Maltese, and the handful of British officers that have the superintendence, can exercise no efficient control over them, and the cattle are sometimes starved in the midst of plenty.

I return from these general remarks to my personal history. I was so fortunate as to fall in with Gaspard Tupper, and Major Jenyns on the evening of my arrival, and as they were kind enough to lend us horses, we rode out the next morning to the heights, to hunt out friends and to hear news; I have been fortunate in finding mine, with one or two exceptions, well and unhurt. Compton Dickens has received a very ugly wound in his head, and gone home happy, as everybody is, who can get away from the horrid service, at whatever cost; such is the tone of the army, those who are wounded are considered in luck. I was glad to find Colonel Seymour well; he has stood it out wonderfully. Calling on Tupper's brother, we found him starting for a ride to Inkerman with a friend, and were glad to accompany him. Here, as elsewhere, the removal of the brushwood has destroyed that which gave a character to the country, and peculiarity to that bush fight, as it has been not inaptly called. We passed over the scene of havoc, and descended by a ravine to the Inkerman Caverns, immediately opposite the ruins of Inkerman; an aqueduct is thrown across the gorge, and as we drew near, we observed some men moving across it in a stooping position,

warning us that we approached the French outposts. The French officer in charge of the picket, came forward very civilly to receive us, and showed us over the excavations, which are not extensive, but elaborate, the roof being groined, and the principal chamber having the appearance of a chapel, quite open to the valley which lay below us, wild and neglected, overgrown with vegetation, with the Chernaya running sluggishly between its steep banks. This was not a scene of peace, for close by us stood a French rifleman behind the breastwork of stone thrown up at the opening, looking out for a chance. We turned to the ruins of Inkerman opposite, and presently a puff of smoke from the ruins, followed by the click of the bullet as it struck the rock above us, told of the presence of an enemy. Of course our friend responded, and a dropping fire was continued on both sides. Several riflemen occupied posts in the caverns, and along the water-course; it appeared idle work, for their rifles were sighted for 600 yards; but we were told that one of them had his arm broken a few days before, and Tupper on his last visit, had the stone on which his telescope was resting, struck by a shot. Good marksmanship! Gaspard Tupper and Colonel Seymour dined with us.

The 22nd we started with Major Tupper for the Chernaya and scene of the Russian attack; we passed over the scene of the light cavalry charge of last October, and ascended the opposite heights, now



occupied by the French. As Tupper was present in the action with the Horse Artillery, and had been over the field afterwards, I could not have had a better guide. I was struck by some points of resemblance to the position occupied by the Russians before the Alma, and carried by the British. A river winding sluggishly in front between steep banks, here and there fordable, but full of holes; the artillery placed on the side of a gently rising hill forming a natural glacis, sweeping the plain by which the Russians advanced. The French position was, however, much stronger than the Alma. Our troops were able to form under cover of the hill after crossing the river, though some were unfortunately pushed forward in confusion, which occasioned severe loss. The Russians, on the other hand, were exposed during the whole of their advance. The Chernaya besides was a more difficult river to pass than the Alma, and, moreover, the French position was defended by a second water-course, viz. the aqueduct, which though little more than a ditch, was a deep one, with high banks, and they were lined by troops. When we add to this that the Russian artillery were placed on the spur of the opposite hill at long range, and unable to advance as the troops moved forward, their attack on this occasion was rash in the extreme. Some guns were brought down in the plain a short distance from the river, but they were too few in number and unable to hold their ground.

This attack may be said to have been a fight for

water ; the white cliffs opposite are said to be very deficient, and the mass of the Russian troops are kept on the Belbec. Had they carried the heights they would have occupied a strong position with a river in their rear, and been ready to move offensively at any time, while our large force would have been hemmed into a narrow space and starved for want of water, or in spreading to obtain it they would have been open to attack. Some impatience has been expressed at the French success not having been followed up, and it is said that our cavalry were invited to pursue the retreating Russians and declined.\* I feel bold to say, if the inspection of the ground by an idle amateur is worth anything, that an attempt to follow the enemy

\* Major-General Sir J. Scarlett has pointed out to me that this is incorrect. What really took place is described in the following passage of Marshal Pelissier's despatch on the occasion. "For a moment I felt inclined to order a portion of the cavalry to charge and cut down the remnant of the 17th Russian division between Tcholiou and Tractir bridge ; with this object in view I had prepared some squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were joined by some Sardinian squadrons, and by one of General Scarlett's regiments, the 12th Lancers from India ; but the retreat of the Russians was so prompt that we could only have made a small number of prisoners, and this fine cavalry might have been reached by the enemy's batteries still in position. I deemed it preferable not to expose it for so small a result." So far from declining to advance, part of the British cavalry had been put in motion to support the French squadrons when the order to advance was countermanded. As the report in the text was current in camp after the action, and it has received countenance from my journal which has been already privately circulated, I am glad to have the opportunity of inserting this correction in a note.

with cavalry alone would have been madness. The Russian artillery were well placed for defensive operations, though not for attack, and the cavalry, even if it crossed the river (which was not very easy in face of an enemy), would have met with destruction. It would have been, in fact, another Balaclava. If any pursuit was attempted it should have been by the whole force, but allied movements cannot, from their nature, be as rapid as bystanders would wish; and pursuit to any distance was out of the question, as the position the Russians fell back upon was of immense strength. The Russians besides, though beaten, fell back in good order, and their retreat was covered by both cavalry and guns.

We followed the course of the Chernaya to the ford in front of the Sardinian position, and rode to their outposts on the hill occupied by the Russian artillery on the 16th. I had a double object in this, I was able to view the field of battle from the Russian side, and reconnoitre the white cliffs that bar our passage to the north. They look like white walls stretching for miles to the east without a break, and any attempt to carry them by direct assault would be, I should think, perfectly hopeless.

This was to me a day of much interest. It wanted the excitement of the sight of actual conflict, but I was spared the horrors of a battle-field when the strife is over. The dead were removed, but the field bore abundant traces of the struggle, remains of accoutrements, cartridges, and Russian bread in great quantities.

On the following day, the 28rd, I rode with Major Tupper to the heights, called at his brother's for lunch, and had hardly sat down when a whiz and a plump told of a well-aimed shot that fell in the midst of the 3rd Division camp. It fell among some horses without touching any one; it turned out to be a carcass which must have been extinguished in mid-passage. Shelling the camp has been a favourite amusement of the Russians during the last fortnight, and some casualties have occurred in consequence. The Duke of Newcastle, whose tent is on Cathcart's hill, has come in for his full share in this annoyance; the shot lie pretty thick around him. General Markham was very nearly hit a few days ago. The Russians are evidently possessed with the notion that they can set fire to the wooden huts, or they would not throw away so much powder and shot. But such petty annoyance excites little attention; all the disgust of the army is reserved for the trench-work, which is now more dangerous than ever. The day principally spent in hunting out friends. Party to dinner, Colonel and Major Chapman, Major Maude, Tupper, and Burroughs. The tone of my friends is sanguine, and I have been considerably re-assured by what I have heard of our present position. Our unlucky reverse of the 18th June, and our (to appearance) subsequent inactivity, had damped my spirits, which nothing I heard while en route was calculated to restore. Great confidence is expressed that the

course we are now pursuing is the right one. Our slow approaches, slow on account of the difficulties of the ground and the strength of the Russian batteries, are regarded as leading to success. This at least shows the spirit of the army is high, and I am inclined to think their hopes are well grounded; we certainly ought to be in the right path at last, for we have received some severe lessons in former attempts to find it. Our hopes are, of course, founded on the evident steadiness of our advance. We have been late in receiving this lesson, and so also with regard to the power of our artillery, and the new plan of making the attack on the Redan dependent upon that on the Malakhoff. Much loss of life would have been saved by coming to the conclusion a little earlier.

Dined on the 24th with Colonel Dupuis and G. Tupper. The former just from head-quarters, brought word that the troops would be under arms in the morning to meet the expected attack of the enemy, and advised us strongly to turn out too, as a general engagement was expected. That the Russians would attack us on our own ground after their signal defeat on the 16th, instead of waiting to receive us on their own, struck us all as in the highest degree improbable. However, the information that had reached both French and English generals was so positive, that we decided to go out to see, if not an engagement, the grand military spectacle of a great army under arms in position to meet an at-

tack; and we were amply repaid for the trifling exertion of getting up at the earliest dawn, in the animated scene before us. The prospect of an attack had passed away before we were on the plain before Balaclava, and the cavalry which were drawn up in imposing masses, flanked by artillery, were just beginning to file off, as we ascended the hills beyond. We then rode on to my old station at the picket-house to have a better view than on the first day. We were in front of the Malakhoff, Mamelon, and the new French works to the eastward; much rifle practice going on. Made some calls, and passed an interesting hour with Chapman. From what I have seen and hear of the outline of the Russian works, which is now well determined by survey, I cannot say I think Mr. Ferguson can claim them as part of his system, unless he regards the earthworks as their main feature. The two leading principles he developes in his defence of Portsmouth, (the only one of his works that I have read,) are the abandonment of the bastion system, and any attempt to secure that which is the object of angular defences, defensive enfilading fire, and secondly, reliance for protection on the weight of metal increased by twofold tiers of guns. He certainly recommends earthwork for cheapness, and considers them as too much undervalued. With regard to the first of the principles, he would be vexed to find that the Russians adhere to the old rules of art in the outline of their works; they have their bastions, redans, re-entering angles, in fact adopt every

scientific rule recognized by engineers of the old school. Their defences are field works, as strong as the limited time they had to raise them would permit. Their strength depends on the weight of the artillery mounted upon them, and the number of the garrison. It is nothing new in warfare, that a large army powerfully entrenched, with heavy guns in position, should make a stout defence. There was perhaps never an occasion in war of so large a force acting so long on the defensive, still less of such an army having the command of an immense arsenal. When we add to this the difficulty of the ground our force has to work through in approaching the enemy's works, and its numerical inferiority both in men and guns during a great portion of the time this siege has lasted, one can feel no surprise at the duration of the siege without calling in any new theories of fortification to account for it.

The reports of an intended attack by the Russians were so rife in camp, that we started again this morning with the early dawn, and had a delicious ride to Kamara, which I had not visited since the beginning of October last year. How changed the scene! The ground now alive with French, Sardinians, Turks, and English, was then the neutral ground of the two armies, and a scene of complete solitude. The eye then ranged from the white cliffs that marked the Russian position, to the green slopes along the range of the south coast, without discerning a sign of life. The valleys below me are now

not merely full of human beings, but large herds of cattle cover the plain. Visited the Highlanders, who marched here yesterday, and again to-day, to strengthen this part of the line. This is a measure of precaution that one cannot reprove, but the difficulty of moving any large force against our right flank is evidently so great, that I scarcely think it was needed.

The heights beyond Kamara command a fine view of the country, eastward of the wall of white cliffs which bar our passage to the north. It is composed of hill and dale, with narrow valleys evidently passable, but a large force with artillery would experience great difficulties, and a small one would be crushed. The lower one (the Aitodor) is the quarter from which it is said the attack is to come; but I scarcely think the enemy could bring against us from this quarter a sufficient force to make the attack the principal one;\* and it would moreover be so far separated from the main body as to render combination very difficult.

The Highlanders are encamped in a delightful situation, on the slope of the hill, as if the object was to show themselves to the enemy. They are not a little pleased to be out of the trenches, and are pre-

\* I find this opinion strengthened by General Pelissier's remarks in his account of the action of the 16th: "My mind was quite at rest," he observes, "as regards the whole extreme right; it is one of those mountainous regions where it is impossible to manœuvre large bodies of men. The enemy could only make false demonstrations there."



paring for a stay of a few days. This favour to a division which was encamped at Balaclava the whole of the most trying season, and has scarcely had six weeks of trench work, is a subject of much, and I think just animadversion. This being Sunday, I attended service in the Diamond.

*Balaclava, Sept. 1st.*—I carry on my narrative for another week. The rumour of intended attacks by the Russians have passed away, and are discredited, and everything betokens the appearance of defensive warfare on their part. The French are said to be getting on, but their approaches resemble one of those mathematical curves that are always getting nearer to a certain point and never reach it; and they have suffered from a tremendous explosion in the Mamelon. We too have been sufferers: the Russians made a successful sortie against us, and the troops in the advanced parallel took to their heels, nor were matters restored until the reserves came up. It is not the first time the thing has happened; our young soldiers are too raw for the trying work of the trenches.

The Russian bridge is now finished, and large bodies have crossed it, and great activity is exhibited in strengthening the works on the north side.

Nothing very noticeable has passed this week. I was so pleased with my ride to Kamara last Sunday, that I took Twopeny with me there on Monday morning, to make a sketch of the distant range and

battle-field below us ; and in the afternoon I rode to the Guards' camp to see Colonel Seymour, whose wound I had heard of. He was struck by a piece of a shell on the back of the head, two days ago ; it was a severe wound, and he is a good deal shaken, but he has rallied well, and is able to see friends, several of whom were with him. He hopes to be sent home, and I trust he will ; he is one of the very small remnant of the gallant band that left England amidst the cheers of spectators a year and a half ago. Such a change is calculated to impress the most callous, and he spoke feelingly of all he had witnessed and gone through.

At Seymour's desire, I visited Soyer's establishment. It was a great field-day, and invitations had gone the round of the camp to bring great and small to witness this specimen of Soyer's skill. About half-a-dozen cauldrons were ranged in a semicircle, filled with soup and ragouts, made, according to Soyer, of the cheapest materials. Pelissier and others were tasting ; Soyer himself doing the honours. The viands smelt and tasted well, so far as I tried, with the exception of the soup, made from salt meat, which seemed very poor ; a certain ragout was excellent, and " Our own correspondent" on trying it, was so struck, that like an old campaigner, he took a plateful, and made his dinner. I thought the large cauldrons intended to supply a company too cumbrous by far for a campaign, but suitable for a stationary camp like this. Preparations were made in Soyer's

marquee for a more civilized repast, and several ladies were there. My curiosity was however satisfied with what I had seen.

On *Tuesday the 28th*, I rode with Gaspar Tupper and Twopeny to the Baidar valley, ascending the Marine heights and crossing the ridge to Vanutka valley, and thence followed the Woronzow road. We were anxious to make the excursion as soon as we could, and while the French troops were in occupation of Baidar; and it may serve to show the difficulty of procuring information of what is passing in other parts of the same army, if I mention the different reports that reached us of the state of things we should find there. "Our own correspondent" told me on the preceding day, upon the authority of one of General Jones's staff, that the Russians were in occupation of the Phoros Pass, and the French had fallen back. I repeated the story in the cavalry camp, and it was instantly contradicted by an officer present, who said some officers of the Quartermaster-General's department had reconnoitred in that direction, supported by a French escort, and there was no truth in it. The next morning as we started, an officer we fell in with repeated the original story, on the authority of some friends whom he named, who had been at Baidar the previous day; but a few miles further on, Sir Colin Campbell, whom we fell in with, treated the whole thing with ridicule, and turned the balance the other way; and so it remained for the rest of the day.

The ride over the Marine heights was to me of the greatest interest. These were the hills that we used to watch so keenly last October. A successful attack from this quarter would have turned our position, and given the Russians the possession of the harbour, and much anxiety was felt by the little garrison that defended these extended lines.

A ride across the natural causeway that divided the Marine heights from the opposite range, quite satisfied me as to the reasons that decided the Russians not to attempt an attack. A valley so steep as to border on the precipitous, covered with thick underwood, passable only by the narrow ridge about a mile in length, and swept by our fire nearly the whole way, were natural features of strength that I was aware of before; but on riding over, it was evident that an advancing column must be confined to the road on account of the thickness of the underwood, and they would have had very indifferent support from their artillery on account of the width of the valley. This last point was obviously the greatest impediment to such an attack; but one may add, that any body of men moving on this extreme flank would have been very much separated from the main army, for the chain of hills is wide, and the communication roundabout.

Our ride onwards was very refreshing. Well grown trees, and hills covered with wood, were grateful to eyes dazzled by the glare of the plain

two causes which throw all others into the shade, were the excessive work of the trenches, and the defects of the land transport. They are both traceable to one and the same cause, the error of undertaking so great an enterprise with insufficient means.

The enterprise so nearly succeeded that it would be impossible to mark it out for strong censure, but it cannot be denied that every presumption was against us. Fortune favoured us during the first two months in a wonderful way; we had no equinoctial gales, and the communication with the shipping on which the army directly relied, was scarcely interrupted for a day. Then came the extraordinary gale of the 14th November, which exposed all the perils of our situation in having all our magazines afloat, and the deficient system of land transport broke down when the first strain was put upon it.

I dwell more particularly on these two sources of distress and difficulty, because they were those in which the French had a decided advantage over us. Their men were not worked as ours, and their land transport was effective compared with our own.\* As

\* I leave this passage as I wrote it. I have since had reason to doubt whether the French land transport was ever superior to our own. They had great advantage over us in their communications. Our principal difficulty in regard to transport was to find men and keep them. It was easy to import cattle, but very difficult to find drivers who knew their work and would face it.

to the state of the roads, I question if the French had so great a superiority over us, as has been maintained. Our delay in applying labour in improving our communication with Balaclava, may be palliated if not justified by our uncertain tenure of the place. There are two questions connected with this subject I have often asked, but have not met with any approach to a solution till my return here. It is certain we could not spare men for these works, until the season was far advanced. Why did the labour of the Turkish soldiery turn out a failure? Why was not labour procured from Constantinople or elsewhere? With regard to the last, what I have seen since my arrival has shown me some of the difficulties of organizing civil labour in a camp. I am told, and the story sounds probable, that we never got the same amount of labour out of our navvies in the Crimea, as at home. There was probably a power of dismissal, but their employer would be loth to resort to it, and the navy knew the importance of his position and presumed on it. The new corps of Army Workmen are more effectively organized; but as for the rabble of Turks, Croats, &c., we have no hold over them at all, and a more lazy set I suppose were never brought together. The peculiarity of this war has been that the country itself furnished little labour, and I doubt if they would have mended matters by sending to the Bazaars of Constantinople to procure it.

With regard to the labour of the Turkish

soldiery who were set on the roads last November, I had an interesting conversation with Captain Mansfield, Sir Colin Campbell's aide-de-camp, who was personally engaged in looking after them with others of Sir Colin's staff. These poor men, who were not of the best class of Turkish soldiery, came to their work imperfectly supplied with tools, and with spirits broken by the ill-usage they met with from the English after their misbehaviour at Balaclava. They were badly off for food, for they would not eat pork, and could not eat our ration beef, and had no commissariat of their own. Their Pasha too stood in awe of the Turkish Ulema,\* and would not allow them to have any spirits served out to them, and any attempt to pay them in cash was thwarted by the knavery of their officers. After fighting hard against the obstinacy, the prejudice, and roguery of these latter, we gave the whole up as a bad job, and were glad to accept the assistance of the French, who made a road which would have been a tolerable one if begun in better weather, and from all I hear was as good as their own.

I return from this digression to my personal history. Boudier slept on board, and I went with him the next morning to visit the Sanitarium, above Balaclava. It is finely placed, overlooking the sea, just above the Genoese Castle, and looks cheerful and airy. The interior of the huts too have every appearance of comfort, and I was told the supply

\* Priesthood.

of every necessary comfort to the sick is abundant, but an unprofessional person cannot judge well from so cursory a survey. The officers' quarters, I thought, were too crowded. Since the attacks on the Medical Staff the doctors have had it all their own way, and as they have everything they ask for, the sick and wounded ought to be as well as comforts and appliances can make them.

The rumours of attack having passed away, I decided upon going round to pick up some packages and letters awaiting me at Kazatch; Boudier accompanied us. Some sickness having declared itself in my crew, I stayed there a day for the benefit of air, and returned on Friday to Balaclava. A repetition of the same inconvenience in the anchorage as on my last visit; the fresh northerly wind raised such a swell in the bay, that boat communication with shipping or shore, became difficult. Visited the Admiral. Joined by G. Lefevre, who has gladly availed himself of my offer of a berth. Found matters on my return in *statu quo*; we had heard of the tremendous explosion at the Mamelon before we left. It is said to be of no importance, but my recollection reverts to the 17th of October, last year, when similar explosions shut up the French batteries for some days. Delay it must cause, and time is of the last importance in the siege.

*Saturday, Sept. 1st.*—Took Lefevre to the front; G. Tupper and Twopeny joining us; rode to the Picket House, and went on to a look-out station, a



quarter of a mile nearer the works. The view of the French works excellent. Paid a few visits, saw Seymour, who is rallying fast; and made an appointment with Chapman to visit the batteries the next day. I should have been well content to have deferred the visit till the capture of the place, had I felt confident of seeing the end of this siege; but with the uncertainty about the future, and the doubtful tone with which the engineers talk of it, I could not resist the temptation of seeing our works under such guidance. The batteries are this year so much advanced, and the formation of the ground is so very peculiar, that it is impossible to judge of our attack except by an actual visit. Accordingly, the following afternoon we rode down to the battery which bears the name of my guide, by a ravine strewed, as are all those leading to our trenches, so thickly with shot, that I could not help asking whether some of the heaps had not been collected by hand. Every bend on the hill had acted like a funnel to mass them together in this peculiar way. Arrived at the battery, which now constitutes our first parallel, I had before me the battle field of the last six months; our works pushed on for upwards of half a mile in advance, and crowded with men as they approach the front. Rifle pits and quarries, the scene of our struggle in the spring, and the cemetery to which our troops penetrated on the 18th of June. Chapman recommended a nearer survey, from an advanced battery on our left, and we passed along

the edge of the great ravine, dividing the French and English lines, by a singular path, here and there running under masses of projecting rock, which form natural caverns,\* where our men find shelter, and in some cases are turned into magazines. We reached the promised battery at last, which rests on the ravine, and is in advance of the second parallel. We were joined by Neville, of the engineers, who came down on duty. The scene was very striking; the Flagstaff battery (Russian) rose high on our left, and seemed to my unprofessional eye, to command us. Before us lay the creek which forms the harbour, which we could follow through its length, and which this battery was raised to command. On our front I could follow distinctly, the long outline of the Russian works, forming almost one continual line of embrasures; and on the extreme right we could see in profile the Malakhoff (in itself a fortress), and the French works carried up to its very edge.

I was not left to enjoy my view very long, for a midshipman, who was running about in a very lively manner, as he entered, warned us that we were going to open fire, and the seamen began to point the guns. We moved a little to one side, to watch the effect of the shot, some of which were directed against the bridge of boats, and others against the battery. The range of the former was too great to be relied upon; one excellent shot had been made from this battery a few days before. "Now," said Chapman, "let us

\* The Ovens.

move a little further off, for we shall soon have a shot from them;" we had hardly gone twenty yards to the left, when a volume of smoke from the Garden battery, was followed pretty closely by the whiz of a shot over our heads, and shot and shell followed in rapid succession; two of them striking the parapet, scattering the dirt over us; one entering an embrasure, without causing any casualty, another bounded off our magazine, and the remainder plunged into the ravine behind us. This was too hot to be pleasant, and I began to think of the difficulties of a retreat; for though I was snug enough under the parapet, the road by which I came was evidently dangerous. However, my guide was quite alive to this, and we returned by the zig-zag on the right. We had to pass the line of fire to get there, and stopping at a new work in course of formation, which Chapman wished to see, I had an amusing specimen of the manner in which the working parties threw down pickaxe and shovel when the look-out man cried, "shot," and rushed to the parapet, in which, of course, I followed their example. I was not sorry to be out of this, and should probably have felt more apprehension, if it had not been for the coolness of my friends, and the good humour of the men in the batteries, and the absence of casualties, which made it difficult to regard it as a scene of danger. We moved away to the right, till we reached the ravine which separated the left and right attack, and then got into the zig-zags. These in

some cases, gave no cover, the bare rock protruding above the surface.

Apart from the lively episode which distinguished it, my visit has been a very instructive one. It has enabled me to judge by observation of the extent of these works, the difficulties under which they are carried on, the bearing of the fire of the batteries, and the peculiarity of the ground. Though the ravines run with a certain regularity the ground does not; it is broken into hills and mamelons, which complicate the warfare, and give a field for military skill, which any map imperfectly explains. For instance, the broken ground called the Quarries immediately in front of the Redan, covers a battery which bears on the Malakhoff, and supports the French attack. I do not think it is sufficiently known that many of our works were carried on and completed during the middle of that trying season that wasted the army. The second and third parallel were so made. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the propriety of pushing forward the siege at such a cost of life, it must add, if anything can, to the admiration of the energy and fortitude of our countrymen, to know that in the midst of difficulties such as rarely have been encountered by any army, we steadily advanced against the enemy's works, and that there was no moment of faltering in our progress. The Garden battery, whose fire I experienced, has been the most troublesome during the siege, and caused more casualties than any.

other, enfilading our advanced works, and never silenced by our fire. The last fact has suggested the possibility of its being casemated.\*

I owe much to my friend for giving me the insight into trench and engineering duty. In consequence of the bad health of General Jones, the command of the engineers and the direction of the siege has virtually devolved upon him. He lives among his brother officers as their companion, though never forgetting that he has the command, and in the society in his hut I have passed many an amusing and instructive hour.

*Sept. 6th.* — We are again kept alive by rumours of attacks, and our own batteries having renewed their activity, everything betokens that if the Russians do not attack us we shall attack them.

On Monday, the 3rd, I was awoke by a message from Capt. Hamilton, of the Diamond, that an electric message had ordered the shipping to be in readiness to move out of the harbour, as the Russians had crossed the river in great force. I felt some hesitation in leaving my vessel under such circumstances, but feeling confident that the enemy could not make such progress as to make the berth of my yacht an uneasy one, I decided to go ashore, and found that the troops had been out as before, but no enemy had shown himself. The report of the enemy's movements had come from the Turks. The

\* I went into one of the Garden batteries after the fall of the town, and it differed in no respect from the other works.

Russians in advancing occupy the Tartar villages east of us, whose inhabitants give warning to us whenever they can elude the Russian sentries. A child is said to have been the channel of communication on more than one occasion. I returned on board and passed a quiet day; friends to dinner. Next morning, Tuesday, rode up to Kamara, and breakfasted with Sir Colin. The country lay like a map before us, and Sir Colin pointed out what he considered the position of the enemy, and the points from which they might probably attack us. It seems the Russians are not dependent on the Mackenzie road alone for their advance, as they have formed another towards Aitodor, descending the white cliffs, and passable for artillery; they, besides, have another road through the country further eastward. They can thus choose their point of attack, and advance without being observed. This is their only advantage, for our position is so strong that with good troops it would be impregnable. Of this I had good means of judging, as I took a ride with Capt. Mansfield, Sir Colin's aide-de-camp, after breakfast, and went to the hill occupied by the Sardinians, and a conical hill further to the right, forming an advanced post of the Turks. The former is a most commanding position; artillery placed here sweep the opposite hills and valleys, and an enemy advancing by the latter could not deploy. But the great advantage of our present line is, that the Russians could not plant their guns effectively

on the opposite bank of the Chernaya, and we are particularly strong in this arm. The white cliffs are evidently accessible in more than one point, and can by no means be regarded as an insurmountable difficulty.

Sir Colin told me that if the attack of the 18th had succeeded we should have made a push for the Aitodor. This part of the Russian position has, however, been subsequently strengthened by heavy ship guns, but in the event of the siege operations being successful, I have little doubt we shall make some attempt to force the position either at that point or further westward. The Sardinians, whose camp we went through, are fine looking troops, well equipped, and rather French in their bearing. Their field works show good workmanship, and are highly finished.

On the following morning, on going ashore, I heard that there had been heavy cannonading in the morning. Rode to the Engineers' head-quarters. The fire was almost confined to the French left attack, in pursuance of some plan of our Allies; my friends evidently thought it would have been better to have opened along the whole line.\* I have been

\* It was part of General Pelissier's plan to throw the Russians off their guard at the Malakhoff. When the French assaulted the work, they certainly encountered a small force *above ground*, but I attribute this not to surprise, but to the effectiveness of our fire in the morning. I was told by officers engaged that the Russian force in the Redan when we entered it was small, and I account for it in the same way.

long since weary of the sight of a bombardment, but I cannot help rushing to the front to hear what is going on ; this excitement becomes fatiguing.

While sitting with Chapman, General Windham came in ; much discussion about the difficulties of our advancing sap, constant interruptions by mere handfuls of the enemy. In this of course they have been much encouraged by the misbehaviour of the supporting parties on two recent occasions. Their plan is now to throw forward a few men, drive in the sentries, shout, and fire a few volleys, and then retire. The working party has fallen back on the alarm, and it takes time to re-collect them, and delay is all the Russians aim at. This part of the work is much exposed, and there is very imperfect cover for the supports, or such paltry attacks would not be so successful.

*Sept. 11th.*—We are at last in possession of Sebastopol. The victory is gained, the place is won, the great object of the war is attained, but the triumph is sadly marred by the painful and humiliating fact of the British reverse, and the heavy and useless loss of life by which it was accompanied. During the last few days one's mind has passed through every feeling of hope, disgust, and triumph ; and I have hardly got over the bewildering effects of a ride through the town and works I have watched so long. Before attempting to comment on these great events, let me simply record the scene as it passed before my eyes.



On Friday last (the 7th), knowing the crisis must be near at hand, and it was merely a question of days, perhaps hours, when the assault would take place, I rode up to the camp to hear how things were going on, with the intention of sleeping there if there was a chance of an immediate assault. I fell in with Chapman by the merest accident, who asked me to breakfast the next morning, when he said I might witness a fire exceeding everything that had passed, and the opening of 32 new guns, that had never fired a shot. This looked serious, and accordingly the next morning I rode up, and on approaching the camp I found a line of sentries who barred all passage, and told pretty significantly what was about to happen. My friend's name secured my passage; and, arrived at the Engineers' head-quarters, I found all bustle and preparation for the assault, which I then heard was to take place at twelve o'clock. It seemed the enemy were aware of it too, for Chapman received a message from the engineer in the trenches, that the Russians were pouring troops into the Redan, and bringing the broadsides of their ships to bear on the Malakhoff. Such preparations as we were making could hardly escape a vigilant enemy, and it is not necessary to suppose they received secret intelligence of our intentions.

Meanwhile bodies of our men were marching to the front, and the Third Division was getting under arms on our left, and the cannonade of our batteries

was incessant. It was impossible to avoid catching the fever of such a scene, heightened lest I should be condemned to remain a prisoner in camp, while the great struggle of a campaign was going on within hearing; for a line of videttes was now extended along the crest of the hill, which nobody who was not on duty was allowed to pass.

Breakfast under such circumstances was a mere scramble. Chapman, who had had his, was merely waiting the arrival of General Simpson to go to the front, and after sitting down with Neville to eat mine, we went forward to attempt to pass the cavalry videttes, but in vain; the orders were peremptory. The officer in command very good-naturedly told me how far his line extended; and acting upon the friendly hint, and trusting to my knowledge of the ground, I descended the great ravine, whose rugged cliffs enclosed a scene of solitude, broken only at one point by a small herd of cattle peacefully grazing, guarded by a soldier herdsman. I ascended by a ravine at my right, expecting to come upon our first parallel, but I found myself in its immediate rear, separated from it by a ravine, when the scene of conflict broke suddenly in view, if view that could be called, where view was none, for the keen north wind blew smoke and dust in my face, and drove in clouds over the valley below. The din, however, was tremendous, and the roll of musketry at my right told me the struggle had begun. I strained my

eye to the utmost, and could occasionally distinguish the dim outline of the works vomiting forth smoke, but before I could bring my telescope to bear, the rolling clouds again enveloped the scene. I moved to the right, to be nearer the work attacked, and found myself within a short distance of a group of officers, one of whom came to me from General Eyre, to ask if I had a pass. I felt like a detected culprit. On my way down the ravine I expected momentarily to have been challenged by some French sentry, and perhaps arrested as a spy, a fate which many amateurs have met with on former occasions. I was treated more indulgently by my countrymen, and allowed to remain, with a warning that my position was an exposed one, of which already I had been made aware by the round shot that were plunging around, shells too were falling fast in the ravine to our right, and seemed to bar my passage in that direction. The aide-de-camp told me the French had carried the Malakhoff. To move away at such a moment was impossible; but when the same officer told me, a little later, as he galloped past, that the English had carried the Redan, I thought I might retire with honour to a position of less risk, and fell back with some French officers, who had arrived at the same conclusion as I had, to the crest of the hill where the Third Division was drawn up. Some shot were directed against them from the enemy's works, and two or three bowled through their ranks; a number of shells, too,

exploded high in the air. They were moved back behind the crest of the hill. Their Brigadier and mounted officers rode forward to where I was standing, as I had a good rest for my telescope. One of them (Trollope) was very eager to begin and attack at the same point where General Eyre had penetrated on the 18th. The fire was now hot along the whole front, as the French attack on the left had commenced. I could see a little flag flying on the top of the Malakhoff, and men passing in and out of the works, which assured us that our Allies had secured their hold ; but about two o'clock, when the fire slackened in our front, and the Russian works, which I had hitherto seen in dim outline, appeared in view, it became plain that our troops were again in the trenches, and the Russians in occupation of the Redan, and so ended my view of this great struggle. I lingered about the spot, and again on Cathcart's Hill, where I heard the confirmation of what my telescope had told me. We hoped for some return of success, for a renewal of the assault was expected ; and one could not but feel anxious for the French, for the battle raged furiously about the Malakhoff and beyond it, showing that this important position was far from won ; an explosion in that direction added to the anxiety of the watchers of the scene ; till wearied with anxiety and the vain attempts to penetrate the smoke, I turned back to the camp to see Major

Chapman,\* whose wound I had heard of. He was not on duty, but his eagerness would not allow him to remain a distant spectator, and he had been hit by a grape shot in the leg in one of the advanced batteries.

The evening was a very melancholy one ; I slept in my wounded friend's tent, as he was moved to a hut. Dined with Colonel Chapman, who did not return from the first parallel, where he had been with General Simpson throughout the day, until eight o'clock. Engineer officers dropped in during the evening. Of course all conversation turned on our national humiliation. "The French have carried the Malakhoff, and we have failed at the Redan." Chapman's opinion very decided as to the cause of our reverse, the not pushing on the assaulting columns with sufficient vigour. General Simpson's message to Pelissier regarding our failure is very characteristic. "Tell him (addressing General Rose) that we have been stopped by some d—d devilry in the Redan."

I think no one anticipated the events of the night. That the Russians would attempt to recover the Malakhoff, or direct a vigorous sortie against our trenches, seemed next to certain. We, on the other hand, should certainly renew our attack on the Redan in the night or morning. Roused in the night by the explosions in the Russian works, I

\* Of the 20th Regiment, doing duty with the Engineers. His wound mortified, and he died in the following week.

considered them as part of the renewed struggle, till Chapman called me up with the news of the evacuation. The sight of the burning town was one I shall never forget. "No more trench work, Sir," were the first words that greeted me as I advanced to the front of the Third Division. These words from a group of soldiers expressed the universal opinion of the army, officers and men. As the morning dawned I joined Ranken\* of the engineers, and two other officers, to take a nearer view of the now empty fortress. Dark clouds hung over the sea; the French guns kept up a dropping fire on the left, and reverberating like distant thunder, added to the solemnity of the scene, on which large masses of the Russian troops were gazing from the opposite height; while now and then the burst of an enormous cloud of smoke and dust from the town told the destruction of a fort or magazine.

We rode to the Redan, but as we approached the trenches Ranken was very much affected by the line of wounded that were coming up in great numbers, and after exhausting the bottle of brandy and water he had with him, he proposed to me to return to camp for a large supply, in which I readily joined him, and we filled his saddle-bags with wine and brandy, the principal part of which was supplied by my friend, and some stolen by me from my friends. Ranken took his servant, and we started

\* It is with deep regret I have heard, since these pages were in print, of the death of this young officer by an accidental explosion.

anew. I turned aside on my way to look at the arrangements at a spot half way down the ravine, where the wounded were transferred from the stretchers to the ambulances, and was glad to find them well supplied with tea and brandy and water, which an assistant was administering to the poor fellows who had been lying out all night. We passed on and met the line of mutilated objects, some with their faces frightfully disfigured, and to whom Ranken eagerly administered refreshments, for which they appeared most grateful. As we came to the advanced trenches we parted company; we were repeatedly warned of the difficulties of getting on, and my plain dress was an evident encumbrance to my friend. I therefore thought it better to remain behind, but I was rejoiced to hear afterwards that his provident care had relieved many a wounded man at the verge of the ditch.

It would be unfair to judge severely the medical arrangements for such an occasion. The very nature of the conflict prevented the immediate removal of all the wounded, but there should have been an order for the immediate dispatch of refreshments to the field. I met mules on my return bringing food and water to the troops, and as much might and ought to have been done for the wounded on the field, and not merely at the ambulance tent, a mile off, to which they could be very slowly removed. It gives an additional grace to this trait of feeling on the part of Ranken that he had led the ladder party the day

before. As it precedes the storming party, it may be said to have been the forlorn hope, and none of his friends from whom he parted in the morning expected him to return. The thought of the wounded was evidently uppermost in his mind when we started in the morning, as he suggested to his companions to take any old shirts or linen that could come to hand.

I was not sorry to turn my back on the scene of the struggle; some of the dead were still lying in the advanced trenches and in the open space beyond, but the work of burial was rapidly going on. I lingered for a while about the first and second parallels of our right attack, now almost tenantless. The Russian bridge was rapidly breaking up, and a steamer and some boats were plying to and fro to take off the remnant of the force. I returned to camp to enquire for and visit Major Maude,\* whose severe wound I had heard of. It was a relief to get back to Balaclava and quiet. As I descended the hill leading to Cossack Bay, where my yacht lay, I met Captain Hamilton, of the Diamond, and several sailors, the latter sauntering about in their best, that is their Sunday dress. There was an air of repose, and an absence of bustle around; a strange contrast to what I had left behind.

My ride the following day was by far the most interesting I have had since I have been an eyewitness of these great events. To ride through the

\* Of the 3rd Buffs.



formidable defences that have kept us so long at bay, to wander through the still burning town, to observe the effect of our own shot, and recognize houses that we had long observed with our telescopes ; to have the whole of the great arsenal, with its sources of strength and weakness laid bare before us, was attended with a bewildering sensation that made me almost doubt the reality of what I saw. After breakfasting with Chapman, I rode with him and Major Biddulph down the great ravine, passing the scene of General Eyre's attack on the 18th,\* and entering at the head of the great Creek, we rode round the town, and returning by the point we had entered, passed over to the other side of the creek, and skirting the foot of the hill occupied by the Redan, we entered the Malakhoff, and thence rode home.

I cannot attempt to paint the various and motley scene ; there was tragedy and comedy at every step.

\* The cemetery which our troops carried stands on a rocky knoll rising abruptly from the valley, within 300 or 400 yards of the Garden battery, and at about the same distance from the Strand battery at the head of the harbour. The Russians had an outpost here, which was driven in. This little hill was exposed to the fire of both the above batteries besides the Barrack battery, and it was a matter of wonder that anybody returned to tell the tale. About fifty or sixty men penetrated beyond to a two-gun battery that was on a spur of the hill below the flagstaff, but the Russians rolled shells on them, and scarcely half-a-dozen returned alive. To attempt to carry the place by assault at this point, exposed to such a fire, was a most daring but certainly rash proceeding.

Crowds of Frenchmen searching for plunder, turning over old books, bundles of rags, regardless of vermin, carrying away the few articles of furniture that remained behind, met one's eye at every turn. My companions bought one or two pictures and a trumpet; one trophy only did I bear away. A Frenchman brought out of a magazine a pile of leather helmets one within the other, and sat down with a most humorous air to try them on; every one that did not fit was thrown aside, upon which we asked him to give us the cast-off headpieces, and we tied them in triumph to our saddle-bows.

In such a ride there was no time for close or accurate observations of the works; indeed, in passing through the town our range was limited; we avoided the outer defences, and kept Fort Nicholas at a respectful distance, which a galvanic wire might at any time have sent into the air. One of the forts had been blown up that very morning, and the French officers on duty in the town told us the explosion of a mine under Fort Nicholas was momentarily expected.

There were many good buildings, judging from the remains, but the greater part were of one story high, and rudely built. It was like passing along one of the deserted streets of Pompeii. The sight of such complete desolation was impressive in the highest degree, but the feeling with which I regarded it was very different from that which was awakened by the waste of the plains and vineyards

around Balaklava, or the other ravages of war. Here was a town built and garrisoned for purposes of conquest, and in its destruction we saw the triumph of the principles which have allied us with the French in this war.

The crowning interest of the day was a visit to the Malakhoff. We turned aside on our way to see a bastion on its right flank, which the French had attempted to carry on the day of assault. The dead French and Russians lay scattered about, and a few wounded Russians still remained, whom our Allies had not yet removed. It was a painful sight, which awakened the compassion of some English soldiers, who were busy supplying them with water. The work of removal was slowly going on.

We ascended the hill on which the Malakhoff tower and works are placed ; the slope, torn and rent, looked more like a pile of confused earth and iron discharged from a gigantic cart, than the side of a hill. When we came to the edge of the ditch, I for the first time became aware that these so-called earthworks are revetted with stone, wherever the material was at hand. The earthen parapet was all that could be seen from our lines, and the whole work was hastily assumed to be of the same material. As earth gave way under the heavy and incessant fire of our batteries, a revetment became necessary, and stone and gabions were freely used for the purpose. The ditch of the work may have been

originally about ten feet in depth, and eight wide at the bottom; no care in repairing and revetting the earthwork could stand against the iron shower directed against it, and the embankment could be scrambled up and down, without much difficulty. The difficulty consisted obviously here, as in all attempts at escalade, to pour in men in sufficient numbers to hold their ground: but here the interior works favoured the attacking party. One of the first remarks of my companions as we entered, was on the confused and crowded appearance of the works. They are wonderful constructions, the wonder of every body who visited them. Gigantic traverses cover and protect the guns, casemated works formed with enormous beams, covered with earth to shelter the troops, these built on such a scale and in such numbers, leave no space for any body of troops to form or rally, and the enemy having once penetrated, the fight becomes a skirmishing one, like the street fighting for which our Allies have a peculiar aptitude. All the labour of the Russians was exhausted in defending themselves against artillery, and against this the fort was strong, but against assault it was comparatively weak, as it proved in the event. Considering that the French had carried their approaches to the very edge of the ditch, and the face of the work being round, it was protected by no flanking fire, it is no matter of surprise that it could have been carried with a rush. The short

space over which they moved was then flanked by gabions, and the supporting parties advanced under cover. Once in possession, however, the difficulty consisted in holding their ground. The work was only partially closed in their rear, and the mere handful of men who entered would have had to stand against the attack of the whole Russian army, had it not been for the diversion which the attacks on other parts of the line afforded. I hear great praise given to the General in command, for the example he showed, and the energy of his defence.

Leaving the Malakhoff, we descended on the opposite hill towards Careening Bay, and here the great advantage of the position the French had won became apparent at a glance. Russian dead lay thick along the slope, and the line of entrenchment in this direction was so completely flanked by the fire of the fort, that its effects was marked by the line of bodies which strewed the parapet. As we passed out of the works at the foot of the hill, marks of the conflict met us at every step. A mass of dead horses lay on some rising ground on our left, the remains of a field-battery, which Chapman told me the French had placed in that exposed place, and which was (as might be expected) almost annihilated. The French here fell thickly, and their bodies were mostly collected for burial. The work of burial went on very slowly; I saw only two small parties, one that I have already mentioned, collecting the

wounded, and another in the ditch of the Malakhoff, burying the dead. The work before them was immense : an English officer whom we met as we went out, said the carnage towards the Little Redan was frightful, resembling Inkerman, as he expressed it. Meanwhile the town and works were swarming with idlers, while their countrymen and foemen lay here unburied two days after they fell. Their General was evidently obliged to give a holiday to his troops, and this necessary and sacred work, even among uncivilized nations, was postponed for a day.

Such was my visit to the scene of conflict ; I trust never to acquire such familiarity with these sights as to forget their horrors. The first sight of corpses stiffened and mutilated on the Alma, was almost sickening, and my eye rested unwillingly on the sight. It has now become so far accustomed to it as to look on the dead (not on the wounded) without shuddering. Here I trust to stop ; it must only be a struggle of surpassing interest that would tempt me to look on it again, and I trust that may not occur in my day.

Since writing the above, I have paid visits to the Redan, the English and French batteries of attack, and gone over a considerable part of the Russian works ; and without going into details of the several days' rides, I shall endeavour to methodize the remarks I may offer on the close of this great struggle.

I am about to quit the shores of the Crimea for a second and last time. The unexampled character of the conflict led me to repeat a visit to a scene of war, and having been fortunate in the time of my first visit, I am still more so in now witnessing the success of the Allies, which, though not actually expelling the Russians from the Crimea, has virtually gained every object for which the war was begun, and ought to lay the basis of a durable peace, so far as any state of things in the Eastern world can bear that character. Even though the latter part of the year be productive of great military movements, (which, however, is very improbable,) I shall not stay to see them. Now that my career as a spectator is ended, some reflections on the struggle I have witnessed may be properly here added ; and first with regard to some important circumstances connected with the last assault.

The humiliating feeling with which I heard that the French had carried the Malakhoff, and that we had failed at the Redan, was much changed by a visit to the works attacked. It is difficult to criticise operations of war without seeing the ground, and even with that advantage, and after conversing with many who took part in the assault, my opinion must be given cautiously. To attack works whose fire is only partially subdued, is always regarded as a hazardous operation, as our Allies experienced in their assault on the Central Bastion, and Little

Redan on the same eventful day. In these three cases the approaches of the besiegers were carried near the enemy's works, but not sufficiently so to give a fair chance to an assaulting column attacking in broad day-light.\* Of the three works, I should say, that the Central Bastion had suffered by far the most from the besiegers' fire. I rode down there with Chapman one of the last days of my stay, and we were much struck by the torn and shattered appearance of the parapet, scarcely an embrasure was open, and yet the French assault failed here, though carried on under equal, if not superior advantages to our own.

The circumstances under which we attacked the Redan, bear a resemblance also to those under which the French assaulted the Malakhoff on the 18th June. In both cases the most advanced trench was still distant from the enemy's work, and the fire of the place far from silenced, and the assaulting column, after scrambling out of the trenches, had a considerable space to pass (the English had about 170 yards to get over) before reaching the ditch. It is true that neither ditch nor embankment offered any serious obstacle in either case; the earth had crumbled under our fire, and men could get up and down without much difficulty. But it may be laid down as an axiom in such cases, that no assault has

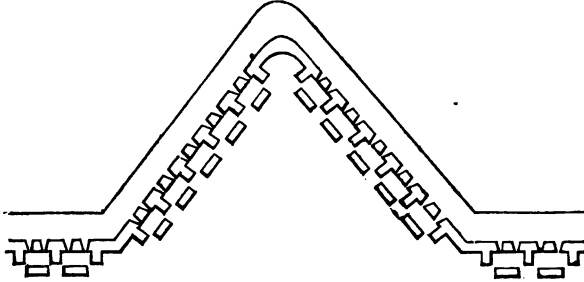
\* Judging from recollection, I should say the French works at these two points were less than a hundred yards from the ditch.



a chance against a strong and determined garrison, unless men can enter in a strong column, and this, under the circumstances, was impossible. Major Maude told me the greatest number of our men that were in the work at one time, were by his guess 300. They passed the ditch without loss, and entered at the salient point, but the attempt to open out and form was vain; the men clustered about the parapet, or gathered in small parties behind the traverses, while a few commissioned and non-commissioned officers made vain efforts to get them to advance and form. Men of different regiments got mixed together, and the confusion was inextricable. Meanwhile the Russians were pressing on in force, and there was nothing for our men but to retire from a place which they were not in numbers to hold.

It struck me on entering the Redan, that our first work was to have cleared the flank where the Russians gathered under the cover of their traverses, and kept up a fire on our advancing supports, and this Maude told me he attempted; but he could only get a handful of men together, and after spiking several guns, they were unable to advance further. They held their ground for awhile at the third traverse, but then had to get away through the embrasures, or how they could, as the Russians advanced past them against our men who were massed at the angle. This will be made intelligible by a rough plan of the work, which pretends to no

accuracy as to the number of the guns, or the angle of the work. The spaces within the traverses were



each armed with two guns, and the Russians, emboldened at our hesitation, advanced skirmishing from traverse to traverse, while they came on in front in great numbers, and drove our men literally into a corner. The appearance of the mass of human beings crowded together, and exposed to the fire, and swaying to and fro, is described to me by Sir Colin Campbell, who saw it from the trenches, and by Ranken, who was at work with his sappers in the ditch, as awful in the extreme.

The failure of an assault on a work we had half won has given rise to a bitter feeling in camp, and especially among officers engaged. I have heard severe reproaches cast upon the men who formed the assaulting column, on those who formed the supports, many of whom, it is said, showed hesitation in advancing at the proper moment. The General in command in the trenches comes in for his share in these attacks, and also the Commander-

in-Chief, the former for a want of vigour in handling his troops, and the latter for defective arrangements in preparing for the assault. In what proportion our failure is attributable to each or all of these causes is more than I can pretend to determine. I have said enough to show that the assault was made under great disadvantages, and that no severe reproach can attach to our men for not winning. The French attacked a work only fifty feet from their advanced trench ; at a point rounded in form, and therefore not protected by any flanking fire. It was encumbered in the inside by traverses, magazines, and the remains of the Malakhoff tower, to such a degree as to leave no space for any considerable body of men to form and defend it, and lastly, it was closed in the rear. On each and all of these points, the circumstances under which the English made their attack was directly the reverse. Their first rush was most gallant ; Ranken who was with the ladder party told me, they could be hardly held back when they saw the French in the Malakhoff ; men fell fast before they reached the ditch, but entering at the salient with a large open space before them, at the gorge of which the Russians were formed behind an imperfect entrenchment, the men hesitated, and once checked and thrown into confusion, all was lost.

Of those errors in the plan of attack which it is so easy to see after the event, the most prominent was unquestionably the unfortunate selection of the

troops. It is to be regretted that on this important occasion the divisions engaged contained a larger proportion of young soldiers than those who were in reserve. The Second and Light Divisions have borne the brunt of the campaign, and have suffered heavy losses in the trenches in the last two months, while the Highlanders and Third Division were full of old soldiers.

With troops of this stamp it was doubly important that the storming column should have been composed of complete regiments, if not brigades; but we fell into an old error of bringing together detachments from different battalions, who soon got mixed up together; the men did not know the officers, nor the officers the men, and the confusion became hopeless. I find some sensible remarks by Colonel Reid in a book I have by me on the system, "deeply rooted in the British army," as he describes it, "of doing duty by detachments." It has been often resorted to, to encourage the emulation of men of different regiments, but it is at the expense of discipline and organization, and he refers to the experience of the Peninsular sieges in support of his views.

On another point, which has also given rise to remarks, I am far from satisfied that an error has been committed. The storming party and supports consisted of about 2,500, of which the actual column of assault amounted to about 1,000. It was preceded by a covering and ladder party, and it was followed at a considerable interval by the supports.

The defects of such an arrangement are obvious. To any person who may wish to go into the relative advantage of advancing by successive detachments, or of attacking in a strong column, pushed forward as one body, I would recommend the perusal of the remarks of Sir John Jones in his *Sieges in Spain*, who discusses it fully, and gives a strong opinion in favour of the latter method. The defects of the former plan were certainly manifested in this assault; the men came up in dribblets, while nothing but a strong column could have carried the place. They filed slowly out of the trenches, and their advance was encumbered by the number of wounded falling back, each with a number of comrades pretending to look after him.

Sir Colin Campbell, in conversation a few days afterwards, appealed particularly to my recollection of the encumbered state of the trenches on the following morning, as explanatory of the difficulty of maintaining order and regularity in this most hazardous of military enterprises. It would have been necessary, he said, to clear away the troops that had failed before he could form to renew the assault with his division; and there certainly was enough in what I saw to account for much of the confusion that arose. Should we have stood a better chance if the force had been pushed forward *en masse*? The answer to this is, that the troops had nearly 200 yards to pass over under fire, and a "strong column" would have been knocked to pieces. To

assault by detachments was under the circumstances unavoidable. Whether the troops could have been better handled is a question I do not pretend to discuss. I have said quite enough to account for our failure without throwing the blame exclusively on generals or men. That errors were committed I am ready to admit; and I have given some instances; but the greatest error of all was in assaulting this part of the works at all,\* but this is a question belonging to the general conduct of the siege, on which I shall say a word presently. There is a question I must first dispose of.

Having been present at the opening of our fire on the 17th October, and again when our batteries opened for the final attack on the 17th August, I can bear witness to the superior efficacy of our fire on the first occasion, though inferior in number of guns to the enemy, and at a far greater range than latterly. Our batteries flanked one face of the Redan, and silenced it early in the day; explosions in the afternoon completed the work in this important point; while in the Malakhoff, and elsewhere, the Russian fire, if not silenced, was much subdued. Had the work thus begun been seconded by the

\* There was evidently some hesitation whether the assault should be hazarded at all. After the 18th June, the advance of our sap was partially, if not entirely, suspended. The work resumed its activity about the middle of August; but moonlight nights and a rocky soil prevented our making much progress.

efforts of our Allies, the assault might possibly have been made the same night, and there was certainly no subsequent day when there was the same prospect of success.

Such are the accidents of war. Our attack in October deserved success, but, having failed, it has been open to criticism. But how is it that when our fire became really superior to that of the Russians, our success was less, and on the final assault the difficulties were greater than on the first day? The secret was not explained to me till I visited the works. The enormous traverses they had raised, rendered any enfilade ineffective. The centre of the Redan was torn and shattered with shot, but the works which covered the guns, though converted into shapeless masses of earth and gabions, protected them against everything but vertical fire. In this consisted mainly the secret of this remarkable defence. The usual resort of a besieger was in a great measure neutralized, and we had to rely on a direct fire, in which the Russians stood as good a chance as ourselves; and on the day of assault our men advanced against works with a powerful garrison, and still armed with guns notwithstanding the tremendous fire brought to bear upon them.

The remarkable duration of the siege of a place, whose defences have been raised after the besieger had sat down before it, have led many to suppose that the success of the Russians in keeping us at

bay, was owing to something novel in the works raised by them, and the disciples of Mr. Ferguson have especially claimed for that gentleman the credit of having taught the Russians how to defend the place.

I have already observed, passingly, that the strength of the garrison, and the formidable amount of artillery by which the works are defended, to which we may add the great resources at the command of the besieged, are sufficient in themselves to account for the length of the siege. The ordinary dicta with regard to sieges are utterly inapplicable to cases such as this. They deal with fortresses of limited extent and resources, while the resources of the besieger are supposed to be unlimited. Where these conditions are fulfilled, the duration of a siege may be predicted with as much confidence as the movements of an army on parade; but in Sebastopol the resources at the command of the garrison in men and material were at the beginning superior to those of the attack, and it was only latterly that the balance turned to the other side, if indeed it ever did so. Both armies fell back on the resources of great empires, which put forth their full strength in the struggle. It would be the height of pedantry then to deal with such a case as one of systems of fortifications. This long conflict has indeed proved, that a great army, abundantly supplied with artillery of the heaviest description, and backed by the resources of a



great empire, may defend a position naturally strong, even though the works raised had been composed, as the public generally believed, solely of earth.

I have already mentioned, in speaking of my visit to the Malakhoff, my surprise at finding the revetment of that work to be partly composed of stone; I have since then been over a considerable part of the other defences, and it is pretty evident the engineers who raised those works had very small knowledge of, or respect for the system of Mr. Ferguson, when they commenced their gigantic task. On the contrary, I feel bold to pronounce that the mind that planned these fortifications, kept the leading principles of military engineering, as it has been practised in Europe for the last 150 years, constantly in view. Mr. Ferguson proposes to substitute earth for stone, and abandon the bastion outline, and place his reliance on a direct fire. With regard to the first point, the garrison sought for stone wherever it was at hand; it is roughly employed for revetment in the works defending the Dockyard, and as earth and stone gave way before the besiegers' fire, its place was supplied both for the parapet and the escarpment of the ditch with fascines and gabions. In the works defending the town, stone is in many cases taken from the neighbouring buildings, and the walls differ only in the absence of cement from those of a regular fortification. As regards Mr. Ferguson's second principle, it has been as little applied in forming the defences

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as the first; the form of the works is irregular, and they everywhere show signs of the haste with which they have been raised, but so far from placing their chief reliance on a direct fire, a flanking defence is everywhere sought after, and a regular bastion outline is distinctly traceable; this is particularly observable in the works extending towards the sea. These indeed are much more carefully and elaborately constructed than those extending from the Creek to the Malakhoff. In the former the ditches are wider, and more completely swept by a flanking fire, and outworks are raised, increasing the difficulty of the besiegers' approach. Every resource of art is, in fact, exhausted in this portion of the works. Where stone was not at hand palisades were employed to support the embankment, and at one part of the works extending to the right of the Flagstaff bastion, planks of wood covered with iron spikes were prepared to lay upon any breach or slope which an assaulting column might attempt to ascend. The internal defences of this part of the place too are far more complete than in those on their left, but in this they were favoured by the formation of the ground. If the outer line of defences had been forced, they would have fallen back on the town, which standing upon a hill separated for the most part by a ravine from the line of defence, was a strong defensible position in itself, and the Russians had constructed batteries, raised breastworks at the opening of every street, placing guns at every

position of advantage, and loopholing the walls of the adjoining houses; in fact, rendering it so strong that a besieged force falling back in good order, could have held their ground against everything but a regular siege.

The enormous amount of labour and care bestowed on this part of the place, is readily explained when we recall the history of the siege. It was on this side, the principal attack of the Allies was made last year. After the failure of the first bombardment, the French advanced their approaches to the town, and everything was prepared for an assault, when the battle of Inkerman gave a check to our proceedings. The works defending the Dockyard are of inferior strength, and bear more distinct evidence of the haste with which they were raised; the ditches are narrower, and more imperfectly swept by a flanking fire. Perhaps we may take credit to ourselves for having compelled the garrison to keep them in this primitive state. However this may be, the incredible industry of the garrison, supplied the deficiency of the external works, in raising those wonderful protecting traverses, against the fire of our artillery, to which I have already alluded.\*

\* In these remarks, I am to be understood as offering no opinion of the merits of Mr. Ferguson's system, my object being merely to show how little it had to do with the plan of the defence. This siege has certainly shown the difficulty of subduing a direct fire of artillery, but it has also shown the danger to the assailant of a flanking fire in case of assault.

This account of the difficulties which the besiegers had to surmount, would be incomplete, without referring to one which has not been sufficiently dwelt upon, in accounts of the siege; I mean the obstacles which a rocky and intractable soil opposed to our advance, and more especially in the ground occupied by the English right and left attacks. Gunpowder had to be freely used, and our progress at times, was literally inch by inch, and bought at a fearful sacrifice of life.\*

There are points of resemblance between this important harbour and Malta, and the parallel holds good, for the ground which surrounds it. I feel confident that if the Russians had time to surround it with a regular fortification,† the south side would

\* This will be more apparent when it is understood that the success of an attempt to raise an entrenchment under fire of a fort, depends on the cover that can be obtained in the first night's work, and as the Russian batteries occupied elevated and therefore more rocky ground, the difficulties increased upon us as we advanced, and we were working in the face of an enemy that were most prodigal of life, and contested every yard of advance. I never heard a doubt expressed by my engineer friends of our power of carrying our sap into the Russian works, but the question always was, Can the allied army bear the loss of life that it would entail? The French were said to be losing 200 per diem during the last fortnight of the siege, and the English published returns gave nearly half that loss. The dreadful waste of life that was going on undoubtedly precipitated the assault sooner than in prudence it should have been hazarded.

† With walls revetted with stone, earthen parapets, and a glacis. Works so made, cannot be breached until the approaches are carried to the crest of the glacis, and that we never succeeded in doing in any one point.

have proved impregnable. As it was, the attempt to carry by assault failed in all points but one, and there our success was mainly owing to the accident of the Malakhoff being closed in the rear. But here we must do justice to the soldierly qualities of the defenders ; I do not allude merely to engineering skill, but to the conduct of the Russian troops. Every one must allow they stood well to their guns, and they were most vigorous in repelling assaults. Though unable to cope with us in the field, they have proved good defenders of fortified positions ; and though suffering throughout the siege most severely, from the fire of our artillery, as their own reports show, they were always prompt, and full of resources at the moment of trial. They knew that if the struggle could be prolonged to another winter, the siege must be abandoned, and Russia would have won the reputation of invincibility at Sebastopol, as at Moscow. With such great political interests at stake her struggle was worthy of the crisis. Her soldiers were throughout as much the assailants as the defenders. With a recklessness of life that would be incredible, were it not for this key to their conduct, they seized on every position from which they could contest our advance, and the struggle was not of engineering and artillery only, but of men. We must, in fine, cease our attempts to undervalue our antagonists in any future operations in which we may engage. Their retreat was masterly. A large army was conducted over two arms of the sea, in the face of

an enemy, holding a position that interfered with his retreat. Fort after fort was blown up, and magazine after magazine. The town was burnt, commencing from the side nearest the enemy. Sick and wounded were carried away, and all with such order and expedition, that the morning's dawn showed the bridge broken, and the last handful of men moving across to the opposite heights, now crowded with the dense masses that had taken part in the defence. Such an operation could not have been effected, except by an army well officered, and in a high state of discipline and efficiency.

Although it is my intention to eschew any general remarks on the conduct of this siege, I must conclude with taking notice of one very important cause connected with the attack, which contributed in no small degree, in my opinion, to its duration. It will immediately occur to those who read that the whole of the south side was abandoned by the Russians, immediately upon the fall of the Malakoff; why was not this important point attacked at the very commencement? Why was our strength wasted during the first four or five months of the siege, in the attack on the place, in its strongest point, to the neglect of that important position, that was the key of the whole? That a great error was committed in making the attack on the town the principal one during the first period of our operations, must be manifest to any one who has followed its history, and still more so, to those who have gone

over the Russian works, and observed the natural strength of the ground on the left of the great ravine. Nor is it easy to account for the error, by the notorious weakness of the Allied force at the commencement. It would have cost us a greater effort to have concentrated our force on the extreme right, but it would not have extended our lines one jot more than they were extended already; and it would have had the advantage of strengthening that which was our weakest point, as the battle of Inkerman afterwards proved, and our batteries could, with equal facility, have been formed to attack that point, as to attack the Redan, and assist the French.

To the English, an attack on the Malakhoff was natural and obvious. Its position, commanding the Dockyard, and a portion of the Harbour, was apparent enough, and I well remember the disappointment of Colonel Dickson, of the Artillery, at hearing from Sir J. Burgoyne, before our batteries opened fire, that the principal attack was to be on the left. For myself, I can take no credit for a judgment so obvious to any one who reconnoitred the ground carefully. The manner in which the ground fell behind the Malakhoff, made its position, if carried by us, so commanding, that I more than once expressed my surprise to engineer friends, that our principal effort was not directed against it.

What then is the explanation of this error? To understand it we must remember the constitution of

the Allied force. The apportionment of labour between the Allies at the commencement of the siege was a natural one ; the armies were divided by a great ravine and each force attacked that portion of the enemy's works that was opposed to it. To have made the Malakhoff the principal attack it would have been necessary for the French to have transferred some of their force to the right. This would have divided their army, then weak in numbers, and would have carried them to a distance from their supplies. It was, moreover, expected that our fleet would render valuable assistance to our left attack, while the Russian ships could not give the same support to the defence of the town as they could to that of the Malakhoff.\*

\* In an article of the United Service Magazine, on earthworks and the defence of Sebastopol, attributed to Sir J. Burgoyne, I find the following confirmation of the opinion I have hazarded that the attack on the left was a mistake. The writer is describing the strength of the Russian position, "*over the flank, which was decidedly the front for attack, they held the commanding ground on the opposite side of the harbour, greatly in advance of their line of defence of the south side, so that the attacking party in their approaches were taken in flank and rear for a distance of not less than 2000 yards from the place.*"

To have attacked the Malakhoff it would have been necessary to have occupied the ground beyond the Careening ravine, and raised powerful batteries to meet the fire of the opposite side of the harbour, and drive the ships from the position they had taken up in defence of this part of the works. We ought, in a word, to have made up our mind at the beginning to concentrate our attack on the left or the right, but we did neither one nor the other.



Such considerations may have decided in favour of making the principal attack on the left, and in the weak state of our army a double attack was impossible. In consequence of this decision the English attack became a false one, and subordinate to that of our Allies. The left attack (English) was soon brought up by impassable ravines, and persisted in to support the French in their attack on the Flagstaff battery (so at least I account for it), while the right attack was directed chiefly against the Redan, a work that was notoriously untenable while the Malakhoff and the town remained in the enemy's possession, and so fully aware were our chiefs of this, that the assault that would have come off in November, had our proceedings not been cut short by the battle of Inkerman, would have been directed solely against the town, as I have stated in my journal at the time. What then was the consequence? The French works advanced slowly, owing to the difficulties of the ground and the strength of the Russian batteries, while the Russian works grew daily in strength. Our engineers became early aware of the error that had been committed, if they were not so from the beginning. Colonel Chapman told me that he recommended the transfer of our batteries from the left (English) to that which became afterwards the right attack (French), so early as November, and I have heard that the same advice was given by Colonel Gordon. Had this important step been taken we should have anticipated

the Russians in their occupation of the Mamelon, and the Malakhoff would have probably fallen in the early spring.

French influence, however, again prevailed ; our Ally persisted in working on against the Flagstaff and Central bastions, and we were contented with our subordinate part, until the appearance of General Pelissier on the scene, who at once decided on a transfer of the attack to the extreme right, which carried us at last to victory. But the part played by the English in the latter part of the siege was as inferior as at the beginning, and our fire and assault valuable only in support of the real attack on the Malakhoff. Had, however, more firmness been shown by our own chief, or, to put the question more fairly, had the siege been carried on by a single instead of an Allied force, I cannot believe that the original error would have been committed of making the principal attack on the left, or if committed, that it would have been so long persisted in. Certainly the Russians were quite alive to the importance of the Malakhoff ; the care with which they closed the work at the rear, converting it into a fortress in itself, at the time when it stood at the flank of their works, is sufficient evidence of this ; and it was not long before they added to the works in the direction of Careening Bay, so as to give it more complete protection. Those works were in course of formation at the time I left the Crimea in the beginning of November last year.

In fine, the instructive lesson that we derive from this important siege, is that great sieges, like great campaigns, require unity of action, and unity of command. No emulation between allies can supply defects in these important particulars. A great part of the efforts of the English was absolutely wasted in attacking points which ought not to have been attacked, and which would not have been attacked had one presiding mind guided the operations. National honour would not allow us to be backward either on the 18th June, or the 8th September. As it was our position was neither principal nor subordinate, and to this unfortunate circumstance much of the difficulty of the siege was owing.

If the Allied forces are necessarily so cumbrous when they act on the offensive, I trust the lesson will not be lost in the future conduct of the war, and be properly understood by the public at home. Some impatience has been manifested at our inaction after the fall of the south side; there may be some justice in the complaint, but I have been long enough with our force to have seen some of the difficulty of arranging plans of campaign with such an army, and I have not been surprised at our caution on the present occasion. I will state one or two reasons which appear to me to justify it.

A visit to the town after its evacuation was one of the most curious incidents in my campaign. One wandered from point to point generally within range of the enemy's guns, and sometimes within

reach of a Minié bullet. There was a lull in the war, as if the great combatants had reeled in the struggle, and were unwilling to begin again. Meanwhile the Russians were active with the spade; their working parties were hard at work at various points, without any attempt on our part to molest them, until a few days later, when a small mortar battery was placed by the French behind Fort Nicholas. The whole scene vividly recalled what I witnessed last October, when the enemy were allowed without the slightest interruption to raise those works that cost us a twelvemonth to subdue. Our neglect seemed to me unpardonable, and if it does admit of explanation it must be on the ground that the batteries already raised by the Russians were so strong that we could not raise opposing works sufficient to cope with them, except at a great sacrifice, and without the prospect of any solid advantage in return. It may have been considered that any small works raised by us would have been crushed by the enemy's fire, and great works would have led to no great advantage. I presume such reasons had sway in deciding our chiefs. They do not appear conclusive to me, for powerful mortar batteries would have increased the difficulty of holding that position very materially, and I think every effort should have been used to make his tenure as disagreeable as possible.\*

\* The Russian works appeared to consist (independent of Fort Sivernaia) of a line of earthworks facing the sea; secondly, a

Any attempt on our part to harass the enemy in this quarter (for it was evident we could do little more) must, however, be subordinate to that far more important one which pressed on the consideration of the Allies, whether any effective blow in the field could be struck against the enemy at this advanced season of the year. In discussing this I must assume two things, on neither of which can I pretend to speak confidently. First, that the Russian army, though weakened in numbers, was strong in efficiency, and anything but demoralised by their defeat. Secondly, that the Allied force was also efficient, and that they had a large disposable force that they could have at once put in motion. I see that the English papers (I am writing this after leaving Constantinople on my homeward voyage) assume that the Russians were not merely beaten but routed. Such an assumption is purely gratuitous, and is no way borne out by the facts of the retreat. They retired to a position of the greatest natural strength. The line of cliffs was unbroken, except at particular points where the roads were defended by batteries and redoubts, and it was not to be turned except at such a distance

number of detached batteries or redoubts facing the harbour, which line was defended by Forts Constantine and Alexander; thirdly, an entrenched camp of considerable size towards the east. I am told there is a line of works facing the north. The works that came under my own view were detached, and covered a great space of ground, requiring a garrison so large as to be an embarrassment in the winter.

from our line of attack as to render any combination very hazardous. The same circumstance which placed a large force at our command, also disengaged a large army of the enemy, which, instead of being cooped up in the town, was disposable for the defence of the Crimea. With regard to the English army, it was composed of a large proportion of young recruits, only half drilled before they were sent out, and young officers, many of them mere lads. The regimental system, which is our pride, has been seriously impaired by this long struggle, and I question if trench duties afford a good school for young soldiers. Certain it is that, at the time I left, every regiment was hard at work at drill, and Sir Colin Campbell was particularly intent of bringing his fine Division up to that high standard of efficiency in which it left England. Attention to small details of drill, dress, and arms, are apt to be neglected during the rough work of a campaign, but they contribute to the perfection of a machine like an army.

Whether it would have been prudent to have commenced an important movement with our force in its present state I think may be doubtful. But what was the movement that pressed itself on our attention? To attack a position far stronger than that which had kept us at bay for a twelvemonth, defended by a force conscious of its strength, and with the prospect (supposing the heights carried at a sacrifice of life) of having siege operations to amuse us in the winter, and all the horrors of open

trenches in such a climate over again. Such an enterprise would have been madness, except in the contingency that the Russians had been so neglectful as to have no fortified position to fall back upon, or that our chiefs had such certain information of their weakness and disorganization as to justify the attempt. It is always to be borne in mind that we could not venture on an attack without the support of heavy artillery, and a week's rain would bring all such operations to a stand.

I have said quite enough to justify our caution in not advancing direct on Sympheropol ; with regard to the other and more specious alternative of transferring a large part of our force to Eupatoria, much of the preceding argument will apply to this also. It surely will not be contended that we should move a large force into the heart of the Crimea, for the purpose of moving back again, but this would have been the certain consequence of such a movement. According to the best estimates of the strength of the Allies at the end of the siege, we had 120,000 of all arms, and as 60,000 or 70,000 were required to defend the line of the Chernaya, some 50,000 might have been transferred to some other points. Such a force might have offered battle to the enemy in the steppes. But if the Russians, instead of repeating their error of last year at the Alma, had decided to remain on the defensive, our army must have retired on the approach of winter, for siege operations, or indeed any operations were out of the

question when the bad weather set in ; and that reputation which we have established in the public opinion of Europe by our success, would have been seriously compromised by such a movement.

Prepared as I am to vindicate the decision of the Allied Generals in regard to any great operation, I cannot but believe that some use might have been made of our cavalry against the supplies of the enemy from Perekop, and it was a matter of surprise to myself and many others, that it was not done. Our reputation would not have been compromised by failure, and something ought to have been adventured to increase the difficulties of bringing in the supplies of the large army in the Crimea, while the season admitted of it.\*

In bringing these remarks to a conclusion, I cannot refrain from adding a word on a question which rose at once in my mind when I witnessed the fall of Sebastopol, as it will in the minds of my friends when they hear of our success—Will this lead to peace? This is a question involving political considerations too large for these notes. It may be sufficient to say, with regard to Turkey, that for many years to come she must be weak against a serious assault from her northern neighbour, and that no materials exist within her empire

\* The force with which General D'Allonville advanced from Eupatoria was not sent until after I left the Crimea at the end of September. They encountered a considerable Russian force, and fell back.



of raising up a powerful barrier against it. She has certainly shown a vigour and vitality in defence quite unexpected on the part of the Allies, which has to a certain degree altered the political bearings of the question, and it is melancholy to consider how vast an amount of blood and treasure has been expended by the Allies to restore us to the same vantage ground we occupied at the end of the first campaign. A war which was originally entered upon for defence, assumed a new character when we invaded the Crimea in the hopes of obtaining (to use the expression of Lord Lyndhurst) material securities against Russia. It is my firm belief, which this long struggle has impressed upon me, that no such are obtainable. What are we to do with the Crimea if we conquer it? Turkey cannot hold it, and the Allies cannot permanently garrison it. The hold which Russia has of her vast southern provinces has been proved by the events of the war, and the geographical limits of that empire will remain at the close very much what they were at the beginning. Moral securities are all we can look to, and they consist mainly in treaty obligations, in themselves feeble instruments, but which derive their efficacy from the power of the contracting parties and the public law of Europe. A condition that Sebastopol shall be henceforward a mercantile port only, would be of the highest value, but I doubt if Russia is reduced sufficiently low to consent to this, and we certainly cannot ask for less. I have very little doubt that the

Allies can conquer the Crimea in another campaign, provided they enter on the struggle with the same energy they fought for Sebastopol ; but, except for the purpose of securing the above terms, it would be a barren acquisition, and purchased only at a severe cost of blood and treasure, the former of which could be ill spared by England, the latter by France, and if we can obtain peace on the above terms, combined with a limitation of their fleet, we ought to close with them.

In such considerations the prominent one is necessarily the weak and rotten state of the empire we have taken up arms to defend. Turkey is strong in the union of an energetic and fanatical population under a crown descended from a long line of great princes, and rich in traditions of national glory. She is strong likewise in her hold over the subject races who are too divided in religion and race to form a kingdom, still less an empire, even supposing the Turks were swept away. But Turkey is rotten at the core. Corruption taints her administration, and she exhibits all the disgusting features of Eastern despotism. There is no part of the machinery of the government on which corruption tells more lamentably than on the army. Those who have known it well describe to me the regiments filled with officers disgusted with a service in which the favour of a corrupt court is the only means of advancement. With a government inherently weak we can do little more than stave off a pressing dan-

ger, and trust to the events of the war to prevent the repetition of Russian aggression. The success of our arms and fleet have already done enough to prove incontestably the superiority of the Western alliance, and to teach Russia caution in renewing her aggressions, and more ought not and is not to be expected. To this *moral* security I trust more than to treaties. Thus much it appears to me we have gained, and the continuance of the war will not place us in a position of greater advantage.

## CONCLUDING REMARKS.\*

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I SHALL conclude these desultory remarks with some general observations on the plan and conduct of the first part of this important campaign. We have achieved great success and committed great errors, but discussion on these events has hitherto been so much mixed up with the passions of the moment, that it may be doubtful if the time for any impartial criticism, or indeed for a complete military history, has yet arrived, for the materials are only partially before us. Without pretending to supply the want, I will assume the privilege of an eye-witness of some of these scenes, to state the general conclusions to which I have arrived upon events, some of which have become matters of controversy.

The ease with which, in the months of March and April, 1854, 20,000 British and 40,000 French troops were hastened to the defence of Turkey, then menaced by a large Russian force on the Danube, was a matter of general and deserved commendation. Regiment after regiment was hurried to the seat of war, until at length we boastfully declared that we had a larger British force in the field than the Duke of Wellington ever had under his immediate command in the Peninsula. The nation, from

\* Written after my return to England.

a state of peace, was suddenly plunged into war, and to its surprise found itself in possession of a large disposable force, suddenly transported to a seat of war several thousand of miles distant, strong in numbers, high in discipline, and impatient for action. The extravagant expectations which the success of the first operation created, was the cause of many of our subsequent difficulties.

The inherent weakness of this large force was well known to all officers of experience. Mutual confidence between the generals and troops could not exist, for they were hastily brought together. The army was weak in cavalry and artillery, with a staff new to its work, a commissariat imperfectly organized, and a land-transport unformed. Even the regimental system had been weakened by the plan adopted of filling up numbers by volunteers from other corps, which latter were subsequently pushed on to the seat of war. We had much to learn regarding the country that was to be the scene of operations, its resources, and the condition of our allies, and of the enemy we had to encounter; and lastly, the force we dispatched was an allied force with a divided command.

So long as the minds of the Generals guided the operations our movements were cautious; we occupied Gallipoli, pushed on to Scutari, and advanced to Varna. The prudence of this first step is apparent, when we remember the slender expectations that we entertained that the Turks would be able to

hold their ground on the Danube, or even on the Balkan. The danger to Constantinople passed away, and it became the tone to ridicule the precaution of our advance; but when at length the Russian force retired from the south of the Danube, the impatience for action gathered strength, and the pressure on the weak administration of England and the Government of France began to tell.

It was assumed that the time for decisive action had now arrived, and as it was inexpedient, one might almost say impossible, to follow the Russian retreat from the Danube, every motive impelled us to strike a blow at the great Russian stronghold in the Black Sea,—an enterprise that would unite the Allies in a common field of action, and in which the powerful aid of our fleet would assist.

There were strong reasons for this great expedition, were our armies in a condition to undertake it, and I should be the last to raise my voice against enterprise in war. Where great objects are to be gained, much must be adventured, and of the political importance of a blow against Russian ascendancy in the Black Sea there could not be a question. We are now, however, in a position to review the thoughts and passions that impelled us at the time, and I think that great misapprehension prevailed as to the extent of the danger to Constantinople, from the fleet and arsenal in the Crimea, and likewise as to the great results that were to follow a sudden coup-de-main directed against it.

The position of the Turkish capital is one of great strength. The formidable forts on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, secure it against a naval coup-de-main. The dangerous coast of Roumelia, and Asia Minor, defend it against any sudden descent, and the natural strength of the ground between the Danube and Constantinople, oppose serious obstacles to any invader. The naval ascendancy of Russia in the Black Sea has supported her military progress, and interfered with the communication of Turkey with her outlying provinces, but the notions that have prevailed, that it placed the Turkish capital at the mercy of the Czar, is one of those dicta that have only acquired currency because they have never been sufficiently examined. The idea, moreover, that the English Government, and English public entertained, that we could conquer a peace at a blow, was based on a fallacy. The ascendancy of Russia over weak neighbours has rested on her armies far more than on her fleet; nor could we expect to conquer such a peace as we aimed at, until the military arm was prostrated by successive defeats, or exhausted by continued efforts.

Herein I consider to have consisted the great error of the expedition to the Crimea. Every preparation was made for a great coup-de-main, and none for a continued struggle. The militia was not called out, nor were the usual measures taken for adding to our army, by increasing the bounty and lowering the standard; and the reinforcements that

were tardily sent out at the close of the year, consisted chiefly of raw lads, that scarcely sufficed to supply the waste of life that was then going on.

I give full weight to the considerations usually urged for immediate action, viz. the importance of striking a blow against the enemy before he could mature his means of defence, and the danger to our army from inaction. With regard to the first of these reasons, considering that we were in utter ignorance of the state of the Russian preparations, it was too much to assume that their means of defence must necessarily outstrip our means of attack. We knew the imperfection of our own army, and our first care was to strengthen it before we took the field. With regard to the danger of inaction,\* which has been put forward with great gravity by the French Government in the *Moniteur*, it cannot be denied that the sickness of both armies was increased by the depression of spirit, arising from inactivity ;

\* The expression in the *Moniteur* is loss of *prestige*. If this is intended to assert that the *reputation* of the Allies would have suffered from their inactivity, I confess myself at a loss to perceive wherein we should have been compromised by inaction, the causes of which were so well known. If Silistria had fallen, our reputation might have been seriously affected. A mob of irregular troops, headed by two English half-pay officers, drove the Russians over the Danube, while the Allies remained inactive, though if ever there was an occasion for exertion, it was when the Russians had a river in their rear. We submitted to the necessities of our position on that occasion, and we ought to have done so when pressed to engage in the far more difficult enterprise which followed.



and many motives, political as well as military, impelled the Allies to make some considerable effort. But there were other fields of action besides a direct attack on Sebastopol, and without bombarding the commercial town of Odessa, a proposition that I cannot discuss with patience or regard without horror. During intervals of inaction in the Crimea, we sent expeditions to Kertch and to Kinburn. There were many means of giving employment to portions of our force, which might have employed the enemy, and distracted his attention as to the quarter to which our attack would be ultimately directed, while every effort was made to strengthen our force in those points in which it was deficient; and above all, to organize the land transport, without which any army, however numerically great, is a helpless machine.

I pass over the political considerations that were involved in the decision. In transferring the seat of war to the Crimea, we separated ourselves from Austria, who evinced some desire to co-operate with us, for she entered into a convention which bound her to act under certain contingencies. We may not have counted much on this, but it was at least a reason for delay. I dwell strongly on the original military error, for two reasons: first, on account of its important effects on every operation of the campaign; and secondly, that we may clearly understand that our subsequent difficulties did not arise from the past policy of this country, in regard

to the extent of its military establishments, but from errors in the conduct of the war.

It never has been, and I trust never will be the policy of England, to attempt to rival continental States as to the extent of its army. It is certain that some branches of our force have been kept too low ; but that which was disposable in the spring of 1854, was sufficient for the emergency, and would have been equal to a great ultimate effort, if steps had been taken to enlarge it immediately on the breaking out of the war.

We know now that military councillors had little sway in the decision to which we arrived. The British Commander-in-Chief acted in deference to the strong recommendation, amounting almost to a command of the Government at home, and the French Commander acted under similar pressure. I cannot but regard the political necessities of the two Governments as the cause of the resolve. The impatience of the English public and the necessities of the French ruler drove us into an expedition, with an army weak in numbers, efficiency, and equipment, suffering from disease, at an advanced time of the year, and when every presumption was against us. We had no right to count on a long continuance of fine weather, nor that the enemy would have committed the error of meeting us in the field, an error that almost placed the prize within our grasp.

Having given my opinion thus strongly against the expedition to the Crimea in the summer of 1854,

I am prepared to vindicate the manner in which it was carried out and the general conduct of the first part of the campaign, making due allowance for the circumstances under which it was undertaken and the nature of the force.

To conduct a great armament of about 500 vessels, of which perhaps only one-tenth were steamers, across a sea 250 miles in width, and to throw 50,000 men on a hostile coast, in a position to fight a great battle within a week, were no slight achievements. The naval arrangements were admirable, and required much preparation. The task consisted in carrying this great army across ; in effecting and protecting its landing, and supporting the subsequent operations. With regard to the first part of the operation, it must be admitted that our ancient unsubsidized Ally proved on this as on many former occasions our friend. The weather, during the passage of the fleet across the Black Sea, though occasionally squally, was exempt from the strong north winds that usually prevail, and we were enabled though slowly, to assemble at the rendezvous at the north of the sea, where this enormous fleet found anchorage sufficiently near the Crimea, but without disclosing to the enemy the quarter against which the armament was directed.

In deciding on the part of the coast at which to effect our descent, our choice lay between Kaffa and some point on the west coast. The former, which was recommended by the French Government,

would have given us a fine bay, and a base for our operations, but the army in advancing would have been at once separated from the fleet, and would have commenced operations 150 miles from the fortress we were going to attack. No advance could, in such circumstances, have been attempted, until the arrival of reinforcements and a large importation of cattle for transport. The operations of the season would in fact have ended with the occupation of the eastern extremity of the peninsula. With regard to the west coast, we were somewhat divided between the mouth of the Katcha and Old Fort. The former, though excellent in many respects, was in fact in the centre of the Russian force, and the Allied army would have had to fight for its existence from the very moment it set its foot on shore. The same consideration decided us against any descent in one of the bays to the south of Sebastopol. The point chosen had the advantage of being sufficiently distant from the Russian army to give time to throw our troops ashore and mature our means of advancing before the enemy could appear in force. It had a good and wide beach, extending for two or three miles. The country was open and could be swept by the artillery of the fleet. It was well cultivated, and supplies could be procured for the troops, and the coast between Old Fort and Sebastopol, though exposed, afforded frequent anchorage and means of communication between the army and fleet. The objection consisted in the want of shelter to the

ships, which was imperfectly supplied by the roads of Eupatoria. When the base of our operations was on the sea this was a serious evil, but this was a difficulty inseparable from the enterprise.

It will scarcely be credited that the means of transport for commissariat and baggage, allotted to an army of 28,000 men, consisted of 70 mules and carts. The French army was not even provided with this. They had a few ambulances, but must have been wretchedly provided with transport for their ammunition, for I met large bodies coming down to the beach after the Alma to replenish their cartouche boxes. If they had had any reserve, and hard and continued fighting, they must have been in great straits. Their deficiency in this respect, and their want of cavalry, probably decided the arrangement by which the English took the flank of our advance. The number of baggage cattle the two armies brought with them was necessarily limited by the amount of naval transport at our command; but if our means had been greater, it would have unquestionably been applied to the transport of cavalry, and not of cattle and carts. A well equipped army could not have undertaken the first part of our enterprise. Success depended on the expedition with which we could concentrate a large force and bring the campaign to a crisis by a decisive engagement. The few horses we had with us caused a delay of several days on account of the surf. Our rapid advance and the success at the Alma, and the flank march to Balaclava, were

the fruits of that decision which stripped the army of its baggage and camp followers, and confined it to its fighting men.\* Sufferings and losses were the consequence of this resolve, and they have been charged upon the conduct of the expedition. Serious risks are unavoidable in war. With a large baggage train, the scarcity of water and forage would have brought matters to a stand, and the flank march would have been impossible. In this respect I consider the plan of our advance was not merely wise, but necessary, and the only one that offered a prospect of success.

He will be considered a bold man who attempts to throw any new light on the first man to man struggle between the Allies and their enemy, and in which the superiority of the soldier was established in an unmistakeable manner. Our success was so decisive, that there was little disposition at the time to criticise the tactics displayed. I subjoin the following remarks, because they formed part of my impressions after a visit to the battle field.

The strength of the Russian position is well known. A river fordable in places, but with deep holes and steep banks defended it in front. The chain of hills was precipitous towards the sea, but being broken by ravines, it was accessible at many points, and at a distance of rather more than a mile from the coast

\* I offer no defence for the delay in restoring their knapsacks and baggage to officers and men, after we acquired the possession of a port.

the ascent though steep was not difficult ; while further on the valley opened, and here on the knolls which commanded the river, and the opposite plain, the Russians had placed their batteries, and massed the troops to which the British Army was to be opposed. Our troops had to advance to the attack over a bare plain, and to cross the river with their formation broken by the vineyards and burning villages they had traversed, and the fire to which they had been exposed. The points assailed by the French were formidable by the nature of the ground, and the difficulty of carrying artillery up the steep ascent, while in the centre, the windings of the river opposed obstacles equally serious, though less obvious, and that portion of the 2nd Division which advanced on the right of the burning village, was very much entangled in the low ground.

Among Prince Menschikoff's papers that fell into our hands after the action, a dispatch was said to have been found, assuring the Czar of his power of keeping the Allies at bay at this position for some weeks ; but notwithstanding this boastful language, I question if the decision to defend the passage of the Alma was taken until the last moment. The position so strong by nature, was very little improved by art, and the earthworks raised to cover the guns were of the rudest kind, and bore evident signs of the haste with which they were constructed.

I have always regarded the decision to meet the Allies in the field as the great error of the Russians

in this campaign. In the perilous enterprise in which the Allies were engaged, we were racing against time. To delay was to defeat us. The position at the Alma was the strongest that the Russians could have selected between Eupatoria and Sebastopol, for the hills at the mouth of the Katcha were so completely commanded by the fire of the fleet, that the Russians could not have held their ground there for a day ; but the true defensible position was at Sebastopol itself, the north side of which was defended by a fort of some strength, and other works were rising day by day. Here, if anywhere, an unbeaten army could have held the Allies at bay until the arrival of new forces empowered them to assume the offensive, and fall on the flank and rear of the invader. The position at the Alma, though very strong, was far from being such as to cause any hesitation on the part of the Allies as to the propriety of attacking it ; and if it had been impregnable in front, its flank was necessarily weak, from our command of the coast, which would have enabled us to turn it by landing troops further down. Such an operation would have been attended with some hazard, inasmuch as it would have divided the force, and it was not to be thought of unless the danger of a direct attack was more apparent. Certain it is that the position was not defended by the Russian General or by his troops in a manner that showed any confidence in its strength.

Its weakness consisted in its extent. Their



extreme right was upwards of three miles from the sea. Their army was divided into two masses separated by a wide interval, in fact, by the breadth of the valley that divided the heights. In this disposition of their forces the Russians appear to have acted upon the principle which they have followed in subsequent engagements, of keeping their force strongly massed together, whether they are attacking or on the defensive. Their infantry and cavalry move in dense columns, and the whole army shows a very narrow front.

Care had been taken to protect their rear against any attempt to land troops at a village about a mile from the mouth of the Alma, but with this exception the coast was undefended, and was commanded by the fire of the fleet, and the troops who held the village in question were soon shelled out by the fire of the *Vesuvius* and a French steamer, but no attempt was made to follow up the advantage in this direction. I come now to consider the manner in which this position was assailed.

On comparing the dispatches of Lord Raglan and General St. Arnaud regarding the battle, there is a singular variance in their description of the plan of attack. The French General says, that a simultaneous attack on the two flanks was intended, and the attack of the English was defeated by charges of cavalry and attacks of large bodies on the heights. This is notoriously untrue, and I have good grounds for saying that it was never

intended by the British General. Captain Drummond asked Lord Raglan on one of the days following the action why we did not attack the Russians on their right flank; he replied that to attack both flanks of the enemy, unless the assailing force was greatly superior, would have been a very hazardous movement. The truth is that in this engagement tactics there were none; both armies moved, as described by Lord Raglan, against the enemy in their immediate front; and the British infantry attacked that point in the enemy's line where they had concentrated the greater part of their force and artillery, and where it is not too much to say that none but British infantry could have succeeded. At how heavy a cost of life the success was purchased is well known. On that eventful day I watched the advance of the thin line of General Bosquet's division from the deck of the *Agamemnon*, then near the shore. Their advance was not merely covered by the allied ships, but it had been prepared for them by the previous operations of the steamers in shelling the Russian camp on the 14th. The officers of the *Vesuvius* told me they pitched their shells as far as the tower which General Bosquet assailed, and compelled the Russians to strike their tents and keep at a respectful distance from the shore. The Russians left this important point unguarded on the following 20th, not, as it has been stated, from confidence in the strength of the ground, but from a wholesome dread of the fire of the

shipping. However this may be, that the point assailed was fairly won and secured by the French troops after a sharp struggle at the summit, is a fact within the knowledge of every spectator of the fight. So strongly did it impress Sir Edmund Lyons, that when he saw the French fairly established, he made use of the expression which I noted in my journal, implying that the Russians would be placed between two fires, or to use his words, that "they would be caught in a trap." And this result must have inevitably followed had the force so employed been large enough to follow up their advantage. Here, however, the question suggests itself: With a position assailable at the flank, and where we should have had the advantage of the support of our fleet, why was then that waste of life in attacking the Russians just where they wished? The events of the battle are intelligible when we consider the peculiar constitution of the Allied forces, and that a high sense of national honour would not have allowed the British to leave the French to fight a battle on the right while we stood idle; nothing could have justified it but a certainty of success on the part of our Ally. There was certainly some understanding between the Generals that the French attack on the Russian left was to precede that of the English, for our troops halted for some time under fire before Lord Raglan gave the order to advance. But to make such combination effectual, the principal attack should have been on the left, and this would

have required time to develope it. With our command of the coast the heights near it could have been mastered with some delay, but without serious difficulty, and those heights commanded the Russian position; this, however, would have left the whole work to the French, and it was necessary for us to take our share.

In this way I can explain what took place, but on no other principle, and I dwell more particularly on this, as I observed after the action a great unwillingness on the part of officers engaged in the action to believe that the French contributed in any important degree to the success of the Allies on that occasion. Any statement of what I witnessed was met by a cold reference to the list of killed of the two armies, as if the magnitude of our loss did not tell against the generalship in the plan of the attack. I must do the justice to Sir Colin Campbell to say, that when I met him the day after the battle, he bore honourable testimony to the assistance rendered by the French in dislodging the enemy from their strong position. The impression which this, the first action of the campaign, made upon me was great at the time as to the difficulties which a divided command would cause, and has been amply confirmed by every subsequent event.

With the incidents of the conflict where our own troops were engaged we are all familiar. The enemy was from the first daunted by the steady advance of our troops, who deployed in the open

plain, overmastered all the obstacles to their advance, and fairly won the position at the point of the bayonet. In this they were powerfully assisted by the movements on both flanks of the force opposed to us. The British troops who advanced in extended line of two complete divisions fairly overlapped the Russian position, and Lord Raglan who was in advance in the right flank, could almost have ridden round the Russian force opposed to him. The guns which he ordered up to the eminence on the Russian side of the Alma played with effect on the enemy's flank, and, combined with the rapid advance of the Highlanders on their right, were the turning points of the day. The importance of the latter movement has not, I think, been sufficiently estimated in accounts of the battle.

It was a marvel to me at the time, knowing as I did the mass of troops and batteries that crowned the height, that the Highland brigade should have carried it with such ease. I have elsewhere mentioned a conversation with Major Maude, who brought up his battery of horse artillery on our left, and who was much struck by the manner in which the Russians had formed their works to guard this flank, evidently expecting to be attacked on that side. But this was not all, heavy masses of cavalry guarded their right, and so strong was the impression in our troops that they would be brought into action, that in one regiment (the 93rd) the word was passed along the line to prepare to receive cavalry, and some

confusion arose in consequence ; and one regiment of the Light Division actually halted to form square, but continued their advance upon the interference of Sir Colin Campbell. With a general officer of less experience and decision, hesitation or confusion might have arisen. The rapidity with which Sir Colin brought forward the different regiments of his brigade successively as they passed the river, carefully forming them before they advanced, unquestionably contributed more than anything to our success on this day. This height secured, the Russian position became untenable, and they rapidly retreated.

The victory we had now gained was robbed of half its value by the delay in following it up. The battle was over at three or four o'clock, and no attempt was made to press on the retreating army, either on that or the two following days. Admitting fully that the Russians, though beaten, were not routed, that they were powerfully supported by artillery and covered by a numerous cavalry ; allowing further for the caution which is incumbent on the Generals of an Allied force, I think our caution on the present occasion was excessive, and has not been sufficiently explained.

It could not have been necessary to keep 50,000 men together to guard our wounded, and a few hours would have sufficed to draw our supplies of food and ammunition from the ships. Our army was superior in numbers to that of the enemy, and high in confidence. The third and fourth Divisions

had scarcely fired a shot in the action, and the loss of the French was inconsiderable compared with our own, for by the time I reached their ground on the following day, both friend and foe were buried, and the French were finishing their work by burning their accoutrements. There was nothing either in the character of the country to check our advance; our guns had passed the river before the close of the action, and played with effect on the retreating foe. Five miles in advance was another stream (the Katcha) that must have impeded the retreat of a beaten army, and could not have afforded a position at which they could have rallied, and the character of its banks must have been well known to our generals who had reconnoitred it from the sea. We had apparently arrived at one of those crises in a campaign which if seized "leads on to fortune," and every motive impelled us to follow up our success before the enemy could rally, or receive reinforcements. I must pause, however, before offering an opinion whether a successful pursuit would have justified our hazarding an immediate assault upon the northern fort, neither can I pretend to discuss the decision to which the Allied Generals came on the Belbec, to make their celebrated flank march on Balaclava, as I never had an opportunity of seeing the ground except from the sea.

Fort Sivernaia, which crowns the heights on the north side of Sebastopol, though not a place of any extent, is one in which a determined garrison of

2000 or 3000 men might make a vigorous stand against anything but a regular siege. Marshal Marmont, on his visit to Sebastopol, wondered what could have led the Russians to build a fortress on a position which neither defends the town nor the entrance of the harbour. Its value was, however, proved in 1854, as it checked the advance of the Allies. There were other works in course of construction between the fort and the sea, but they were incomplete. Some batteries, however, towards the mouth of the Belbec, were considered by the French as so serious an obstacle to our advance that, combined with the difficulty of carrying Fort Siver-naia by assault, they influenced our Generals in moving to the south side, where we should have the advantage of harbours and our backs to the sea.

It may be scarcely necessary to observe that the success of an assault must have depended on the vigour with which we could have followed up our victory of the 20th. If it be admitted that Fort Sivernaia was proof against anything but a siege, there can be little doubt that, looking to the advanced season, the danger of relying on the open anchorage of the Katcha for the ponderous materiel of a siege, the large portion of the army that must have been employed in covering the operations, and our weakness in cavalry, the transfer of the army to the south side, which we had reason to expect was unguarded, was a most wise resolve.

On one point, however, there was certainly some



miscalculation. The heights south of Sebastopol seemed, when viewed from the sea, to command the harbour and town, and the information that was procurable from persons who had visited the place favoured the supposition. It was not, however, until we actually secured the position, that we became aware that two long miles separated the crest of the hill from the most advanced of the Russian works, and that our troops would have this wide space to traverse whether they advanced to assault or by slow approaches.

I turn now to the much controverted question, whether or not a great error was committed in not assaulting the place when we first arrived before it. The reasons for an immediate assault were the advanced season of the year, the weak and defenceless state of the place, and the supposed disorganization of the enemy. I pass over the popular argument, that a bold course would have saved us from the horrors of the winter, for to reason from the event is never good logic; and in the present case begs the whole question. An *unsuccessful* assault would have plunged us into something worse than winter horrors, it would have caused the failure of the enterprise. Weakened in numbers, and doubly so in morale, we must have suspended all operations, and once delayed, it may be doubtful if they would ever have begun. On the other hand, what was there in the position of the Allies to call for hazardous actions; for an assault upon a town, even without

regular defences, must be at all times attended with hazard. We had just won by a bold flank movement a position naturally strong, which left the greater part of the force at liberty to commence an attack in form. We had harbours; the material for a siege, not so abundant perhaps as might be wished, but sufficiently so to render our attack a vigorous one. The season was fine, and the month of October was before us. I come now to consider what was the state of the place when we first arrived?

My first view of Sebastopol was on the third day after the Alma, and I can bear my testimony to the fact, that there were great signs of activity, and none of confusion; swarms of men were at work on the north side, and a line of ships was drawn across the harbour's mouth, as if to defend the entrance, and they were sunk on the same evening. All the energies of the enemy were concentrated upon the defence of the north side, from which our attack was impending; and I saw no parties at work on the south side, either on that or the following day; and so far my observations favour the argument of those who contend that we might have gone in with the bayonet.\* The town and dockyard, however,

\* When our army reached the Mackenzie heights working parties could be seen on the south of the harbour. This important fact which has been mentioned to me since this journal has been printed, is confirmed by what I have also been told by a general officer, that when our troops took up their ground before the town the Russian works were in some state of forwardness.

though apparently defenceless, were not really so. On the contrary, the position of the Russian army was one of great natural strength, with the single exception that it was cut in two by the dockyard creek, and had an arm of the sea in its rear. This latter circumstance was in some respect an advantage, as it rendered an investment of the place impossible. A strong loop-holed wall running along a ravine, protected the west flank of the town, and left only a narrow front exposed to attack on that side of the creek. The town itself stood on an eminence : it was a position of considerable natural strength. The country around was bare, and afforded no cover to an advancing enemy. A few hours' labour would have sufficed to place a few heavy guns in position, and there were all the resources of a great arsenal at hand. On the other side of the creek the Malakhoff tower protected that important position, and the space between it and the harbour was covered by the fire of the north forts. Any force which attempted to penetrate in the space afterwards occupied by the Redan, would have not merely encountered the fire of guns placed on the Malakhoff, or those from the town, but it would have been exposed to the fire of the shipping, and partially so to that of the north forts. It is to be remembered there were still nine line-of-

I think it more than probable that some batteries must have been raised before the expedition left Varna. The south side could not have been wholly neglected, for the Russians had a strong body of men encamped near Kamiesh during the summer.

battle ships in the harbour, and many steamers and smaller vessels. One of the former was partially heeled over to give its guns a longer range, and others were distributed in position to defend the place. One or two were advanced into the Dockyard creek for that purpose.\*

It is clear that the assailable points were very few, and those very strong. In fact, they were limited to the Malakhoff and the town. The advancing troops must either have kept along the ridge, exposed to fire for two miles, or they must have lost themselves in the labyrinth of ravines that intersected the country ; running the risk, to use a fox-hunting phrase, of becoming pounded. In fine, to have attempted an assault with troops jaded by a forced march, over ground singularly complicated, and in which the enemy would have had every advantage of knowledge of locality, and where we should have had the support of a few field pieces only, would have been a rash resolve that nothing in our circumstances would have justified.

If the assault could not prudently be hazarded on the day of our arrival, there certainly was no subsequent time when it was possible, until we had brought

\* The Russians must have experienced some difficulty in supplying the wear and tear of gun carriages for so protracted a struggle, for I do not remember to have seen any but those for sea service in their works after the fall of the place. The ships being thus dismantled, and their crews probably used up in the batteries, their fire was not available at the close of the struggle as at its commencement.

our siege artillery to bear. My first view of the works from the land side was on the 30th September. By that time a powerful battery had been raised at the end of the loop-holed wall nearest the Allied camp, which afterwards bore the name of the Central Bastion, and completely swept the undulating plain between that part of the camp and the town. Guns were in position at other points, and they were playing away with some effect, for I met the 2nd Division falling back to a less exposed situation, and there was a change also in the position of the 4th Division the same day. The Allies, too, had set to work in earnest to bring up siege guns to the heights, but the work could not go on so fast in Balaclava as in Sebastopol. Every day added to the Russian defences; they had the materiel of war immediately at hand, 10,000 seamen to work their guns, and a large army to garrison the place. They had, in fact, the start of us and kept it.

The most useful practical lesson which I derived from my experience in campaigning, regarded the important part which artillery plays in modern warfare. I gradually learned to measure distances, to appreciate the value of position, to judge of the support which this powerful arm renders to an advancing enemy, and the danger of exposing dense columns to its destructive ravages. The Crimea was eminently favourable to this arm, and in no place more so than the environs of Sebastopol. I readily admit that my scanty knowledge of the matter was

gathered slowly. Our victory at the Alma raised extravagant expectations of the power of winning the strongest positions with the bayonet; and I well remember that, with the impatience of an amateur, I used to express my surprise at our caution in not assaulting a place so apparently unguarded. So far, however, from this impatience being general in camp, I should say the prevailing tone was that the British bayonet had done its work at the Alma, and it was now for the Engineers and Artillery to take their share. Three weeks later, when the fire of our batteries had proved ineffectual, the opinion gained strength that we ought to have gone in at the first. This, however, was an afterthought, and by no means shakes the opinion that I had arrived at before I left the Crimea, which I recorded in my journal, and which has been subsequently strengthened by my visit this year, that the decision to which our Generals arrived was the right one, and gave the best chance of success.

I find it more easy to vindicate this decision than the manner it was acted upon. The failure of our attack in October was owing to causes, some of which must have been known and reasoned upon from the first; others developed themselves as we proceeded; others, again, belong to the plan of the attack.

The first and most prominent has been often dwelt upon; the imperfect means with which we entered upon these great operations. The army

was weak in numbers and could not furnish working parties in sufficient strength to push forward the work with the necessary vigour. The siege train was strong, because we could draw largely on the fleet, both for guns and men, but the supply of ammunition was scanty and the means of transport deficient. We were obliged, therefore, to husband our means, and were unable to keep up our fire during the night, and any damage done in the day was repaired in the dark. The same cause may partly explain that singular neglect in not interfering with the enemy's works in course of construction. Three weeks elapsed from our arrival at Balaclava until the day we opened fire, and during the whole of that time the Russian working parties could be seen all the day and every day working at their batteries, both inside and out, without the slightest interruption on our part. On one occasion I remember hearing that some of our guns were advanced to the front to disturb them, but the order, if it was ever given, was countermanded. It was, indeed, contended that a small battery would have been soon overpowered, and that it was necessary to wait until our works were complete. There would have been reason in this if our object had been to cope with the Russian fire from an advanced parallel, but to interfere with their working parties and compel them to advance cautiously, and therefore slowly, I should have thought that guns on the crest of the hill would have sufficed. It was

an advantage to us that the ground descended to the town, and it was of the highest importance that the enemy should be compelled to limit his operations to the night season. This is a part of our proceedings that has never been satisfactorily explained. Something should have been adventured to prevent the growth of these works in our very face, and lodgements should have been early effected in advanced positions, from which our riflemen would have disturbed them. So bold were the enemy, that they threw skirmishing parties forward, and their Cossacks used to fire on our Engineer officers when they went forward to reconnoitre the works. We, on the other hand, allowed them to occupy the ground far in advance of their batteries, and when we did break ground at last, it was with a caution which shewed anything but vigour in our attack. Certain it is, that when our batteries at length unmasked themselves, the Russian works had acquired completeness and solidity and were very difficult to subdue.

Our difficulties were increased by the distance at which we broke ground, From 1200 to 1800 yards is a long range for effective firing. Great reliance was placed on the improvements of modern artillery and the superior accuracy of their shooting, and it was in some measure justified by the result. The expectation, however, which prevailed, that with the weight of metal in the English batteries our shells would destroy the enemy's works was not realised,



partly, perhaps, owing to want of concentration in our fire, and partly to the length of range interfering with its accuracy. But in the choice of position for our batteries we were very much limited by the form of the ground and the nature of the soil. The eminences on which our first batteries were raised were commanding, and we did not always improve our position as we advanced further. In this consisted the difficulty of the English attack.

The same circumstances increased the difficulty of enfilading the Russian works. The latter covered a very broad front, and as a consequence the angles were very obtuse, and in attempting to enfilade them we were liable to be enfiladed ourselves. We were, moreover, not merely limited in the choice of ground for this purpose by the character of the country, but by the plan of our attack, which spread our batteries over so wide a space, and was unfavourable to any concentrated fire. The siege train at the command of the Allies must have numbered about 130 guns, and with a combined plan of action it ought to have overpowered the fire of any part of the Russian works against which it was directed, but the French broke ground to the left, at a considerable interval from the British left attack, and we rendered no effective assistance to each other. I have elsewhere adverted to the error which I think we committed in not making the principal attack on the Malakhoff. Supposing, however, that it was considered preferable to ad-

vance against the town, our plan was very feeble for the purpose, and our strength was frittered away in the extent of our attack. In consequence of this the fire of our Ally was silenced early in the day. Some misconception prevails that this was owing to their having raised their batteries much nearer than ours. Any one who will look at any plan of the works will see that there could not have been a difference of above 200 yards between the first parallel of the French and that of the English. The fact was the French siege train was light in metal, consisting for the most part of 24-pounders, and their want of preparation was greater than ours. We had the start of them ; perhaps owing to our possession of Balaclava. In order to keep pace with us, their works were imperfectly formed, and unable to cope with the Russian fire.

In these remarks I am sensible that I am treating of a subject which more than any other operation of war requires a profound knowledge, and I can only pretend to touch on it superficially. The history of this siege, if it is ever written by an officer qualified for the task, and with a full knowledge of what passed in the councils of the Allies, will alone do justice to it.

Before passing to other events which followed the opening of our fire, I must add an observation regarding the scale on which our siege operations were carried on and the wretchedly inefficient means with which we entered on our task. When calami-

ties came thick upon us, loud was the indignation at the want of foresight on the part of the British Commander-in-Chief in not providing for the approaching winter. I do not pretend to deny that the charge is in some measure well grounded, but full justice must at the same time be done to the absorbing nature of the work of the siege. The guns in the English batteries were in number about 70, besides those in reserve. As the siege train had no horses, those of our field batteries were used in the service, and so severe was the strain, that I observe that Captain Shakespeare states in his evidence before the House of Commons' Committee, that he lost 70 horses of his troop of Horse Artillery alone from excessive labour during the month of October. Many, if not all the ship guns were actually dragged up to the heights by hand. The commissariat cattle took their share in the work of bringing up ammunition, but as some of the guns were of the heaviest metal, two 8-inch shot were a load for a mule, and it required a very long string of beasts to meet the daily expenditure of a single 68-pounder. Let us add to this the amount of material in the shape of tools, gabions, fascines and platforms for the guns, and then consider the amount of horse labour available for the commissariat and the transport of tents and baggage, and we shall have some approach to an idea of the task that was thrown upon the few hundred beasts that then comprised the land transport of the army.

It was justly considered that every effort should be made to push forward the siege with vigour, deficient as were our means, but the failure in our attack does not in my opinion impugn the wisdom of the original resolve of the Allied Generals. Events followed each other in a chain so linked that each seemed to flow from that which preceded, and though many of our acts seem to me questionable, I must admit that in proportion as I have had opportunities of studying this campaign, the less have I been disposed to dogmatise regarding those transactions that passed under my observation.

We now have to enter upon a new chapter in this eventful story. The narrative of this campaign naturally divides itself into three periods, varied in the character and course of the events contained in them. The first carries us through the progress of this enterprise until the failure of the first attack. The second exhibits its downward course, when difficulties came thick upon us, until they reached their climax in the middle of the winter. The third carries on the narrative from the time when with renewed energies and means, and profiting by dear-bought experience, we entered again on the struggle, until we carried it to its triumphant close.

It must have been foreseen from the first commencement of the expedition, that if we did not encounter a large force of the enemy in the Crimea on our landing, a month could hardly elapse without

large reinforcements being poured in from Southern Russia. Delay or defeat were almost equally dangerous to us. The approach of numbers or of bad weather might bring all operations to a stand. On the other hand, our position was one of singular advantage, and combined with the extravagant exaltation of our spirits, nourished a false security. This was the tone of the army. I entertained sundry misgivings, which I noted from time to time, that our position was becoming critical after the failure of the first attack, but deceived by the ease and confidence of those around me, I scarcely contemplated that the crisis was so near at hand. From this false security we were awakened by the events of the 25th October.

Before entering upon this important day, let me first advert to the position of our army at the time. It is well known to have been one of great natural strength, though somewhat extended for the force that held it. The plateau on which the besieging army was encamped afforded great natural advantages for the conduct of the siege, as it was barely two miles from the town, within an easy distance from the ports and sea; it was secured in the rear by the precipitous descent of the ground. There was a further advantage in the locality that the country was bare, and our position commanded views of the approach for many miles, except in one important point, which the Russians had the sagacity to profit by. As to the position we were to occupy, and the division of labour between the

Allies, they were determined by the character of the ground and relative force of the two armies, which at this time was about equal. I must here, however, take notice of a change in the position of the two armies which took place on our first arrival before Sebastopol, which led to important results. On our first landing, the French marched along the coast, and the English had the post of danger, viz. the flank. When Balaclava was secured, and the army marched round the head of the harbour of Sebastopol, the same arrangement should have brought the English to Kamiesh, and the defence of the flank should have been left to our Allies. The value of Kamiesh was but little known at this time, and it was probably considered that it was a fair equivalent for the surrender to us of Balaclava, that we should still hold our exposed situation on the flank. The consequence of this arrangement was, that the English who had borne the brunt of the fight at the Alma, had to sustain the weight of the Russian attacks at Balaclava and Inkerman, though our force was barely equal to the amount of trench duty that was imposed upon us. The latter, it is to be observed, was measured by the strength of our siege batteries, which being numerically equal, if not superior to those of our Ally, imposed upon us an equal share in the attack upon the Russian works, which we unfortunately attempted to maintain when our force fell off in numbers.

I come now to the events which have rendered

the name of Balaclava memorable, which are the more vividly impressed upon my recollection as I considered myself as one of the little garrison, and watched the preparations for defence from day to day. My observations shall be confined to the plan of the defence, and some circumstances connected with the movements of the contending armies on the 25th, that have not been much adverted to.

The position immediately in front of Balaclava at the mouth of the gorge leading to the plain was well chosen, and it was of great natural strength, and favourable for artillery. On this line of defence our reliance was placed from the beginning. In attempting to fortify the ridge between us and the Chernaya, and in entrusting its defence to the Turks, it has been generally assumed that the decision was erroneous, because the event has proved adverse. There was much, however, to justify our anxiety to hold that position. Of its importance to us, there never was, and never could be a question. The enemy once in possession of it deprived us not merely of the Woronzow road, but of part of that which formed our principal communication with the camp. They drove the cavalry from its position on the plain to one where it was not so available in case of attack. Hemmed in at Balaclava, from the besiegers, we became the besieged.

The question of the occupation of that advanced ridge, which was about 2000 yards from the main position, was much considered at the time, and the

difficulty of securing it with our limited force was well known. The circumstances were, I believe, as follows. Three redoubts were raised early in October, but on the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell to take the command, he perceived at once that the easternmost was commanded by Canrobert's hill, and feeling anxious about our right, he desired to occupy that hill also. The extent of ground we now covered became very great, and Sir Colin considered that those points should only be held as outposts without guns, from which the troops holding them should fall back in case of serious attack, as the Sardinians did from the hills north of the Chernaya on the 16th August of the following year. Great doubts were entertained as to the propriety of entrusting British guns to the Turks, on whose part I never heard that there was any unwillingness to occupy the position, but they begged hard for artillery, and these were unfortunately conceded to them. They stood high at this time as the defenders of fortified positions, but the event has shown that the first thoughts were the best. Perhaps the greatest error was in not giving them British officers also; but there were many things that we should have done, could we have profited by experience.

With regard to the redoubts themselves, there can be little doubt now that there were too many of them, and by consequence each work was very small. It is scarcely necessary to remark that numbers give confidence, and the Turks would have stood a



better chance if their force had been concentrated in two works instead of four. A single redoubt on the ridge would have secured our communication by the Woronzow road, and no Russian force could have attacked it without compromising itself with the French force under General Bosquet. Canrobert's hill being isolated, and distant from support, required a work of some strength.

The event is well known. The Turks were shaken by the fire of the Russian artillery which was brought early against them, and on the first demonstration of the cavalry, they took to their heels, leaving the English gunners to defend the works alone. Canrobert's hill was first carried, and the rest fell successively.

The subsequent events of the day need no chronicler. The Russians brought their artillery on the ridge, and began to play upon the British position, while their cavalry in heavy masses came pouring into the plain, and were repulsed by the gallant charge of the heavy brigade and the steady fire of the 93rd. Then followed the disaster of the day—the destruction of the light brigade, which seems to have paralyzed the action of our force, and led us to abandon the attempt to recover the position the Russians had won.

Into the conduct of the commander of our cavalry, which has given rise to so much discussion, I feel no desire to enter. The order of Lord Raglan, ordering the advance, speaks for itself; and upon

this I think most military men are agreed. So insane an act as to charge the Russian army, horse, foot, and artillery, upon an order which desired him, however peremptorily, to try to prevent the enemy carrying off guns, does not seem to me to admit of a defence. With the general verdict passed upon this transaction I thoroughly concur.

But there is another question of equal importance, on which I am anxious to make an observation. It seemed to me at the time that an opportunity was offered us, not merely of recovering the ground we had lost, but of striking a most important blow against the enemy. In order to explain this, let me recall what had passed. When the Russian cavalry retired, they fell back under cover of their guns and of their reserves. A considerable part of the army was meanwhile advanced, and occupied a very extended position, stretching from the Chernaya to Kamara. Their object in this was to secure Canrobert's hill, and to threaten the right flank of the force which defended Balaclava. A considerable force was gathered on the ridge near the second Turkish redoubt, supported by about 6 field pieces, but the main body of the army remained in the valley beyond, where it was charged by the light cavalry. I speak with some confidence regarding their position, for after watching their movements, and observing the fire of their artillery, which was directed against the battery where I was standing, I took horse and rode out to the plain.

Two of the Turkish redoubts had been recovered by our troops, and at one of them (No. 3) I was pretty near the Russian outposts. The enemy's position was of some strength, but it had its elements of weakness. Lord Raglan and General Canrobert had taken up their position, when they first heard of the Russian advance, on the height, which afforded a splendid panoramic view, but was not very convenient for the direction of the movements of the troops, as every order had to be conveyed down a steep descent, and circumstances might vary, and I think did vary, in the interval between the dispatch of an order and its arrival. One of the earliest of Lord Raglan's orders (I forbear discussing that which has given rise to so much discussion) was the following:—"The cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the height; they will be supported by infantry, which have been ordered to advance on two fronts." What was the meaning of this instruction? It has been suggested, and there may be reason to suppose that Lord Raglan, notwithstanding the advantage of his elevated position, misunderstood the movement of the enemy, and thought they were in full retreat, and that this order and the subsequent more peremptory one was a notice to Lord Lucan to follow up his success, which it has been contended he did not sufficiently do. The explanation that has been given by a "Cavalry Officer," who has written in defence of Lord Raglan, that its object was "to push a *reconnaissance* to the

front," seems a very weak one. No reconnaissance was required to disclose the enemy's force; the whole army lay before us, and we might count the battalions and guns. They occupied a position of apparent strength, for their left rested on two of the Turkish redoubts and Kamara, but it was so extended that it was really weak, while the main body of their army had advanced into the open plain and challenged attack. I will venture to say, with due submission, that to attack that position by cavalry, *supported by infantry*, would have led to a great loss of life, and might have ended in repulse; to attack it with our infantry and artillery, *supported by the cavalry*, afforded the best prospect of success.

But where was the British infantry meanwhile? Instead of descending the Woronzow road, which led direct from their encampment to the battle-field, and by which two battalions of Highlanders descended a few days before, when Balaclava was first threatened, they made a long detour of several miles, during which two mortal hours were wasted, and they did not appear on the scene until the cavalry had been nearly destroyed. The position of the army on the plateau was eminently favourable to the defence of Balaclava. An enemy attacking it, exposed its flank, and an excellent road enabled the Allies to descend with swiftness upon the advancing foe. On the first occasion, to which I here advert, I joined the Highlanders in their advance, and they went right to their point. Circumstances,

of which I am unaware, may have compelled us to adopt a different course on the 25th. It may have been desirable to separate our movements from that of the French. It certainly gave me an odd notion of the movement of allied troops, that we should be obliged, in order to separate our movements from that of our Ally, actually to move away from the enemy before we advanced against him. However that may be, hours were lost where minutes were of the utmost value, and the day was well advanced before we were ready to begin. But even then it was not too late to have dealt a heavy blow at our adversary. Their line, as I have already observed, was far extended; but what was of far more importance, they had been compelled to change their front to meet our expected attack, and in the event of defeat, one line of retreat would have been cut off, and they would have been thrown back on the intricate country towards the source of the Chernaya, and would have found it difficult, if the pursuit had been vigorous, to extricate themselves.

I feel justified in hazarding this opinion, when I remember that the French Chasseurs, who advanced to support the charge of our light cavalry, actually carried the guns on the hill, on the right flank of the Russian position. This important post must have been imperfectly guarded, and it completely commanded the Mackenzie road and the line of retreat in that direction.

There was evidently much to invite attack, inde-

pendent of the general importance of the position to our army. The reasons urged on the other side were the uselessness of a position which we could not ultimately hold ; and General Canrobert is said to have pronounced decidedly against such a movement on the above grounds. But the stake of the French in the matter was not near so great as that of my countrymen, and I think English reasons should have prevailed. I have assumed in the preceding remarks that the defeat of the Russians would have given us security, for it would have shown the strength of our position far more than the earthworks we raised either before or afterwards. On the whole I see no reason to swerve from the opinion that I entertained at the time, that an opportunity was lost of not merely securing our position at Balaclava, and of our communication with the camp, but of striking a blow at the enemy that might have had great influence on the campaign.

What however were the consequences of the success of the Russians on that day? They had mastered a position which not merely deprived us of the Woronzow road, but partially interfered with the other and principal communication with the camp. After this day the line of traffic had to seek a new course over the hill above Kadikoi, and thence through the open plain. Our cavalry were compelled to retire from the plain, and what was of far more importance, our position in Balaclava itself became highly critical, as the Russian army was now in great force in the

immediate vicinity, they could choose their point of attack, and advance against our works at any moment, and before reinforcements could arrive from the allied camp. The garrison was moreover far too small for our lines, which extended over two or three miles of ground, and as the country was much broken, communication between different points had to be kept up by signals.

Before entering upon the difficulties which now began to press upon the army, I must say a word or two on the next great military event which brought our difficulties to a crisis. On the day following this day of errors, as the 25th may be named, the Russians, emboldened by their success, made their first attack on the British position at Inkerman. The ground selected was the same as that by which they afterwards advanced on the 5th of November, but the force engaged was too small, and as they encountered a different stamp of troops from those they had overcome the previous day, they rapidly beat a retreat. Their field pieces could not compete with ours and soon shut up, leaving the infantry to be mowed down by our fire, and they suffered most severely in consequence. This affair could be regarded as little more than a reconnaissance. They were soon however to renew their attack with an apparently overwhelming force, and the struggle of that day constitutes one of the most memorable events in the war.

One of the most interesting excursions I made

after the fall of Sebastopol was a visit to the field of Inkerman, approaching it from the town. With the battle field I was already familiar, having been on the ground both before and after the 5th of November, and known many who were personally engaged, and who described the part their divisions took in the action. I was now to examine the ground from the Russian side. I rode up the ravine from Careening Bay, ascending one of the steep hills by which they dragged up their guns, and found myself on the ridge from which their artillery nearly overpowered our troops. The position of the armies is marked by two gently swelling ridges at about 1200 yards distant, and the strength of the British position became immediately apparent. The front was narrow and guarded by a ravine on one flank and a precipitous descent to the Chernaya on the other. We had nothing to fear but the direct attack on the small front, where the immense masses of the enemy converging from two points told against them.

The weak and defenceless state of these heights have been the ground of grave charges against the British General. The second Division, which held this important post, had to furnish its quota of men for the trenches, and the number available to meet an attack sometimes dwindled down to a few hundreds. A mere handful of men were thus left to guard a position on which rested the safety, not



merely of the British but of the Allied army, and the representations of Sir De Lacy Evans of the necessity of support, passed unregarded.

Here, as at Balaclava, we became alive to the importance of entrenchments only when we had been nearly overpowered. Such facts afford *prima facie* grounds of accusation against the Allied Generals. After the battle, it is said, we began to raise works which, if formed in October, would have made our position impregnable. It should, however, be remembered, that these works were raised by the French when they undertook the defence of the flank. For the second Division to have attempted such works was impossible. The error of Lord Raglan, whose own force was already too small for the work imposed upon it, consisted in relying too much on the representations of our Ally, that the army of observation under General Bosquet on the heights of the Chernaya, could afford ready assistance to the Second British Division in case of attack. The events of the 5th of November showed the weakness of such combinations. General Bosquet had a double duty to perform, to watch the movements of Liprandi, and support the division of General Evans; and until the two Russian attacks were developed, he could render no aid to his Ally, and in the mean time the English were nearly overpowered. The true lesson we have to derive from this important day is to rely little on combinations depending on allied forces with divided com-

mands.\* Had it not been for the composite character of the army, the movements of a few battalions to reinforce General Evans' position would have been sufficient, but the French preferred keeping their divisions together, and when the day of struggle arrived their assistance was almost too late. This explanation seems more natural to me than the usual one of supposing that Lord Raglan was not alive to the importance of this position.

It is impossible, however, to deny that there was a want of foresight on the occasion; but the true mode of meeting the difficulty was for our Ally to have undertaken the defence of the whole position; this, however, is a question involving the arrangements between the Allied armies, on which it is hazardous for a bystander to pronounce a judgment. We may believe that here, and in the important

\* The following note of a conversation with General Bosquet on the subject of Inkerman, given in the Baron de Bazancourt's "cinq mois au camp devant Sebastopol," represents the French view of the battle.

"Lord Raglan venait de retrouver le Général Bosquet à l'issue de cette sanglante journée.

"Général, lui dit il tout à coup, vous n'avez pas l'air satisfait; et cependant nul plus que vous aujourd'hui ne devrait être radieux.

"Milord, repondit le Général, je ne suis pas radieux parceque c'est une bataille heureuse plutôt qu'une victoire. Il y a eu trois heures de perdues par les ordres, les contre-ordres, les appreciations diverses, et il devra toujours en être ainsi tant que le commandement en chef sera dans plusieurs mains, et qu'une seule decision ne pesera pas dans la balance."

events which followed, Lord Raglan feebly represented the interests of the army under his command ; but until we know what passed in the Allied councils, we cannot tell on whom to fix the blame.

The fact of our being so completely surprised is more unaccountable. A powerful artillery, some of heavy calibre was massed upon a hill, within range of our camp and almost of our very magazines of powder, and had opened fire almost before our troops could get under arms. The position they took up was not easily approachable by artillery from the town, in fact it must have been by the most strenuous efforts they secured it. I heard accusations directed against Mr. Upton, for having misled the Quartermaster-General's department, as to the existence of a road in this direction. What I saw of the ground satisfied me that the information given by this Russianised Englishman was substantially correct. The road from Inkerman to our camp was well known, and in fact the 2nd Division was encamped upon it. The road leading from the town was not known, because it did not exist, and it was the good fortune of the Russians or the neglect of our people that enabled them to bring up their artillery without interruption.

The advanced pickets of the Light Division were (it is well known), within hearing of the lumbering artillery, as it moved out of the town to take up its position on the heights. The sentries con-

sidered that some carts with provisions were entering the place, and no alarm was given. Sir T. Trowbridge, who went down at day-break to relieve the post, told me that on moving forward towards our sentries, the whole Russian force burst on his view drawn up behind a hill ready to advance. Before he could get his men under arms and recall the advanced picket, the enemy were in motion, the picket was surprised, and the battle had begun. In the direction of Inkerman the pickets may have been far too weak to guard effectually this position, but here too there was a want of vigilance in allowing the enemy to mature his attack.

I turn willingly from our own errors to those of the enemy. The Russian account of the battle attributes their repulse first to the error of Gortschakoff, in not effecting a diversion in the direction of Balaclava, and 2ndly to that of Gen. Saimonoff in the direction of his advance. The former error has been much dwelt upon by our own writers, and I think the effect of any movement from the Chernaya has been much misapprehended. By the 5th of November, the works of Balaclava had acquired great strength. They were defended by powerful batteries and a stout garrison. Gortschakoff's attack might hold General Bosquet in suspense for a time, and this he succeeded in doing by his feint, but so practised an eye as that of the French General could not have been long in doubt as to the real quarter from which danger was impending, and



ed that ~~some~~ round on the left they had  
 place, ~~and~~ minence on which they placed  
 dge, who ~~was~~ the other side of the ravine, they  
 st, told ~~me~~ ed the fire of our 5-gun battery.  
 ntries, the ~~and~~ the ravine to its head, my specu-  
 awn up ~~the~~ ue as to the effect of an attack in  
 ould get ~~the~~ penetrated by an easy ascent to  
 icket, the heart of our camp, and could the  
 urprised. round ground on which to show a  
 ion of ~~the~~ immense force, instead of being  
 weak to ~~be~~ confused and destroyed by our fire,  
 there was ~~an~~ had an open field of action, and the  
 to mater ~~the~~ eight of numbers could have hardly  
 I ~~the~~ avail. The heroic gallantry of our troops  
 the ~~and~~ against tremendous odds, but there are  
 but ~~the~~ ast which no valour nor discipline can pre-  
 in ~~the~~ I scarcely think we could have held our  
 if the Russians had been well handled  
 occasion.\*

the excellent Narrative of the Campaign by Col. Ham-  
 is assumed that the Russian artillery was brought up to  
 mill by the old post-road: and Mr. Woods, the correspon-  
 of the Morning Herald, in his published account of the war,  
 ssumes, that the force from the town formed a junction with  
 yond the Chernaya before advancing, and dwells much on  
 oposed ignorance of the Quartermaster-General of the road  
 the town to Inkerman, which enabled the Russians, as he  
 ht, to bring their artillery by this circuitous route. In what  
 said of this double ~~back~~, I have followed substantially  
 ount of the Russian ~~themselves~~, which is confirmed by  
 as told me by Sir ~~the~~ bridge, the force under whose  
 ed met the fire ~~the~~ Russian columns as they passed

We repulsed with prodigious slaughter every assault on our position, and the Russians retired discomfited; but the victory we had gained was not followed up,\* and the enemy was enabled to extricate themselves from a position where every preparation had been made for victory, and none for defeat. The victory was glorious to our army, and assured us the possession of these important heights for the rest of the campaign; but the loss we had sustained could not be replaced, and the English after bearing the brunt of every engagement, had now before them all the difficulties of the enterprise in which they were engaged.

They were combating on a bare and exposed tract, with scarcely a building except in the village of Balaclava; where fuel was scanty, and all our supplies had to be furnished by sea. Great hardships must have been undergone in wintering in such a situation, even if all siege operations had been suspended; and many have considered that a great error was committed in attempting to carry on the siege under such circumstances.

There can be little doubt that every motive impelled the English General to contract his operation along the edge of the ravine, and drove them successively inwards. This must have had an important effect on the action. I do not pretend to speak confidently as to the precise point at which this division ascended the height, for my survey of the ground was a hasty one.

\* I offer no opinion on a question which I have often heard discussed, whether the Allies should have advanced in pursuit.

tions. Reinforcements were indeed expected, but not in such numbers as to render his force equal to great efforts. Our means of transport were deficient from the beginning, and constant traffic and bad weather were rapidly breaking up the communication with our port. It was scarcely possible to expect that the baggage-cattle could continue to bear the double strain of bringing up the ponderous materiel of such a siege, in addition to the ordinary work of supplying the physical wants of the troops ; and we had further to bear in mind the effect of these continued efforts on the health of our diminished troops. What we had hitherto done with a few pack-horses and rickety carts, and with such a harbour, was wonderful ; but it was evident that we had now arrived at the time when the strain on all departments was to be too great, and it is impossible to doubt that such considerations must have pressed themselves on the attention of Lord Raglan, though he may not have seen the full effect of his decision.

The position of the French forces was meanwhile very different. Whilst the English army was dwindling away from month to month and from day to day ; the French, drawing on an army which even in peace numbers its hundreds of thousands, had been gradually swelling in strength, from the day of landing at Old Fort to the battle of Inkerman, and at the beginning of November they could scarcely number less than 35,000. Their trenches



had approached so near the Russian works, that they were preparing for an assault upon the town, in which we should have joined them in the very week of the battle of Inkerman. They had suffered little on that memorable day, and reinforcements were rapidly arriving. I can have little doubt, though on this I can only speak from conjecture, that the French must have been most urgent in pressing their Ally to continue and follow up their joint efforts, from which they anticipated such important results ;\* and indeed there were pressing reasons to justify such a resolve, independent of those political considerations that must have sway on such an occasion.

It may be readily admitted that our situation was such that we could not recede ; and indeed there were many motives for continuing and advancing our works had we men for the task. If we had abandoned our trenches, the Russians would have occupied them, and shelled us out of our camp. To recede therefore was impossible. It was necessary to maintain a bold front, to keep our batteries armed and manned ; but a stationary policy was attended with great danger. The enemy was now

\* I find this opinion strengthened by the following passage in Sir John Burgoyne's evidence before the Sebastopol Committee: Qu. 17,435. He is speaking of our difficulties after Inkerman : " Every day the proceedings seemed to be more arduous ; we " were forced to do something ; and the next step was to increase " the batteries, *particularly as that was the opinion of the French,* " and open fire."

strong in numbers and increasing their works day by day. Whatever ground was not occupied by the Allies was seized upon by the Russians, as they did at the Mamelon and Quarries ; and we were very vulnerable on the right, in consequence of the original error (as I conceive it to have been), of making our principal attack on the left.

The amount of effort an army can make must depend on its numbers and resources. The English were strong in the important arm of artillery and in naval transport, but we were fearfully weak in bayonets, and now pressed on us the consequences of that original error of engaging in such an expedition without sufficient reserves ; for though we were enabled to arm and man batteries as powerful as those of our Ally, we were quite unequal to the strain of the effort that was to be now thrown upon us. I can throw no light on what passed in the councils of our Generals at this important crisis, and the effects of their decision are too well known for me to do more than allude to them. There was an extraordinary miscalculation of our power of carrying on active operations in the season which had now set in, and which was unusually wet. Horses and men were worked and destroyed in bringing up the ponderous guns and mortars, and ammunition for the new batteries, which were in course of construction, and which were eventually not opened until the middle of April, on which occasion the French attack on the left turned out an utter failure.

It is sickening to look back on the consequences of this fatal error, second only in magnitude to that of the original expedition. They pressed more lightly on our Ally, whose force was now strong in numbers, and with the aid of our powerful fleet of steam transports, was rapidly increasing, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that they did not suffer fearfully during this trying season. To the English army the error was fatal. They undertook a share of the work for which their small force was utterly unequal. There was a double strain on the men in working at the trenches, and there was a double strain on the Commissariat cattle, which, instead of being able to take advantage of occasional fine weather to accumulate depôts on the plateau, was kept constant to the work of the siege, and horses, men, wharfs, and roads broke down.

If full allowance be made for these two sources of our difficulties, first the error of engaging in such an expedition without providing sufficient reserves, and secondly that of attempting to carry on active siege operations in the winter months with a diminished force, and without stipulating that the French should undertake a larger share of the common labour ; we shall have done enough to account for the losses of our troops, so far as they exceeded those of our Ally. Excessive labour aggravated every other privation : it destroyed the men's clothes, prevented their collecting fuel, or

butting themselves ; and made them helplessly dependent on the Land Transport for supplies.

This account of the causes of our losses would however be incomplete without making a brief allusion to the state of our harbour and communication.

I passed the month of October, 1854, in Balaclava, and visited it again in the following year. On the first occasion I lived in a house adjoining one of the wharfs until the 26th of the month, and during the following week I was on board the *Vesuvius* in the anchorage outside, and used to pass daily to and fro, and I speak with confidence when I say that up to the day when I left the Crimea, in the same year, it exhibited none of those scenes of confusion that have been since associated with the name of the port. Though the harbour was crowded there was method in the arrangement. It became dirty at the end of October, but not more so than in the following year, nor than was unavoidable in so crowded a port. The true sanitary Commissioner, on both occasions, was the strong north wind, that did more for us than any police. The town, however, was very dirty from the beginning. Some sanitary regulations were introduced in the second week of our occupation ; but upon the arrival of the Turks, the evil gained head again, and so it remained until I left. With regard to the arrangements for traffic, separate wharfs were assigned to the Ordnance and Commissariat, and a

large space allowed for the landing of troops and cattle. Making due allowance for the narrowness of the wharf, the steepness of the bank on which the town is built, and the narrow gorge by which it was approached, the daily dispatch of stores to the camp was conducted without confusion. Crowded the small place was at particular times of the day, and I used to find a daily difficulty in getting through the street, but there was order notwithstanding. The difficulty was, of course, increased by having our magazines afloat. Any interruption of bad weather preventing landing from vessels outside, any interruption of the road by the enemy or by bad weather broke a link in the chain. I can readily understand that afterwards, when wharfs and roads broke down under incessant traffic, and stores of warm clothing and huts arrived in vessels loaded and dispatched from England in haste, the task thrown on those who had to provide for the increasing wants of the troops was herculean. But, in the meantime, what was the position of the French. They had a secure harbour and communications, and open space around; their batteries were near their port, they had a road rising gradually from the sea to a rocky plateau, with abundant choice of ground, instead of threading, as ours did, a narrow gorge, and plunging into a muddy plain, not to mention their great command of men. It is easy then to account for the superior condition of the French troops, without charging it exclusively on the administrative defects of my countrymen.

With regard to our neglect in not improving the wharfs or roads which communicated with the camp, the only labour that was available was that of the garrison of Balaclava ; but I have already adverted in my journal to some of the circumstances that deprived us of this resource ; and, indeed, it was scarcely to be thought of while our tenure of the place was so insecure.

All the events of that trying time, when the defence of Balaclava was left to a little garrison, are too vividly impressed on my mind to be easily forgotten. The danger has passed, and many have regarded the apprehension of those who were responsible for this important post as exaggerated. It was not so thought at the time, and no one who visited the Marine hill could have a doubt of our peril. On the morning following the attack on Balaclava, it was defended by two companies of Marines, the rest of the force having been brought down to the valley to fill up the gap caused by the misbehaviour of the Turks. But this was a post on which the safety of every ship in the harbour depended, and every exertion was meanwhile made to remove the shipping from this position of danger, to one scarcely less perilous outside. It might well be discussed at head-quarters, whether we should not abandon the harbour, and rely on Kamiesh for our supplies, and had it not been for the composite character of our force there was much to justify such a resolution. In this critical state of affairs to have

commenced a new road, amassed magazines, and formed new quays in a place from which we might have been expelled by a vigorous attack of the enemy would have been little less than folly. Every available hand was employed in strengthening the works on which our safety depended, and it was not until this first object was secured, that the labour of the Turks was set to the road. The causes of the failure of this resource are given in the preceding pages, and these are evidently such as could not readily have been foreseen, and we had ultimately to fall back on the assistance of the French, now much strengthened in force ; but in the meanwhile, the horrors of the winter campaign had begun ; the land transport was rapidly breaking down, and as a direct consequence the harbour of Balaclava had become an almost hopeless scene of confusion.

It is easy to suggest (as the House of Commons Committee have done) that "early in November, measures should have been taken to obtain other labour in the East, or application should have been made to the Home Government who might have sent labourers from England." If the members of the Committee had seen some of the difficulties of organizing civil labour in situations where the servant becomes the master of the employer, unless retained in the strictest military discipline, they would not have told us to rely on such resources where prompt and immediate action was required. To have been available, they should have been thought

of much earlier, and I am quite ready to admit that greater fertility of resources and greater foresight would have averted many of the evils that gathered around our unhappy force ; but a higher foresight would have prevented the expedition to the Crimea at the time it was undertaken, a higher foresight would have given to those who had the conduct of a great war, into which we were suddenly plunged after forty years peace, the wisdom that is gathered by experience. The lessons to be learned from this campaign are such as Ministers, Emperors, and Newspaper Editors might profit by, if they would only apply their hearts to wisdom. The moral which I have endeavoured to draw from these events is not to engage in great military expeditions with levity. It has been my endeavour to trace the successive steps by which we arrived at the destruction of an army, so far as they are traceable to the events of the campaign. It has appeared to me, that the source of our calamities, which arose from the original plan of the expedition, far exceeded all the rest in magnitude, in fact many of the other causes sprang from it. From the first dispatch of our forces to the East, extravagant expectations prevailed, both with ministers and the public, of speedy and brilliant success ; the press, as usual, fed the prevailing foible, and eagerly spread every rumour that could magnify our hopes, and they were in some measure encouraged by the success of our landing and the battle of the Alma,—a victory most valuable as



establishing the superiority of our troops, but most disastrous on account of the wild hopes that it encouraged both at home and abroad. From this false dream we were awakened by the battle of Inkerman, and then came a strain on the different departments of the public service, under which any mercantile establishment, to which we are told to look for a model, would have infallibly broken down.

It forms no part of my task to enter into the wide field connected with the administrative defects that these events brought to light. It would have been wonderful if in such an enterprise, and while we were new in war, instances of neglect or shortcomings did not arise. This chapter in our history ought now to be judged in a different mood from that tumult of indignation with which we first heard of the losses of our troops. In war, unfortunately, errors of judgment are attended with such frightful consequences, that we are too apt to measure our censure by the consequences of the error rather than by the fault itself, and in the present case the calamities were so great that passion clouded our judgment and every error became a crime. Any retrospect of this campaign, however brief, must lighten the load of obloquy that was thrown upon the staff\* of the army as the cause of our losses,

\* In these remarks I am to be understood as referring to the Commissariat and Quartermaster-General's departments, and the naval arrangements at Balaklava. The medical arrangements ad-

and the more it is studied the more valuable will be the practical lessons we shall derive, and the less we shall be inclined to look for victims.

Perhaps the most serious evil that has resulted from these unlucky events consists in the suspicious temper it has given rise to in the public mind. To hold the rod perpetually over our statesmen forms part of the system of a popular government. To act upon this principle with regard to our generals and public servants in war has the opposite effect from that which is desired. The load of responsibility is fatal to enterprise, and enfeebles our counsels at home and in the field, and though it may not lead to disasters, and may admit of great actions being carried out with caution, it is fatal to the development of higher qualities of generalship, and to greatness of results in war.

One very important principle that I have endeavoured to illustrate in the preceding pages may appear to my military friends a trite and obvious one—I mean the evils of a divided command. It seems to me to supply the key to many of the errors

mit of less defence. With regard to the Bosphorus, nothing could be greater than the contrast between the state of things I found in 1855, compared with the previous November; but it would be most unjust to throw the blame of the shortcomings in the earlier period on Admiral Boxer, who was called upon to discharge his duties during a period of great difficulty, with a miserable hole for an office, and with scarcely an assistant. I heard frequent testimony as to the efficiency of his administration when he was transferred to Balaklava.

both of omission and commission that have distinguished this war. It has encumbered our movements, robbed us of the fruits of victory, and even embarrassed us in the selection of commanders on account of the supposed necessity of conciliating our Ally. This will become more apparent in proportion as the history of the war is fully told, but I doubt if any history can record that which is its greatest evil. Enterprise is the soul of war, but the spirit of enterprise is damped when the honour is shared, the responsibility divided, and every movement depends upon counsel and discussion. We have been content to bear with these evils for the sake of an united policy and a common field of action, but it has been at the expense of all vigour in our military movements, and almost counter-balanced the superiority of the Allies in science and resources.

Having brought this retrospect down to the commencement of our winter difficulties, I shall here bring my remarks to an end. I left Constantinople at the end of November, and I shall not attempt to comment on the military events which passed between that period and the following August. My opinion regarding the latter operations has been already given.

THE END.

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of Wellington led it forward to crown its exertions with the most splendid victory. They afford us but a faint idea of those strategical movements and combinations upon which the grand design of the campaign was based by the one party, and with which it was assailed by the other; and we seek in vain for the development of those tactical dispositions by which the skill of the commanders and the valour of the combatants were fairly tested. From the want of due consecutive arrangement in the details, and the tendency too frequently manifested to compensate for this deficiency by mere anecdotic narration, the motives by which, in the great game of war, the illustrious players are actuated, are left out of view, while circumstances which especially call forth the skill of subordinate officers in command, as also the courage, the discipline, and the prowess of particular brigades, regiments, or even minor divisions of the contending masses, are either imperfectly elucidated, or, as is often the case, unhesitatingly set aside to make way for the exploits of a few individuals whose deeds, however heroic they may be deemed, constitute but isolated fractional parts of that great sum of moral energy and physical force combined, requisite to give full effect to the application of the mental powers of the chieftains under whose guidance the armies are respectively placed. These remarks have reference, more or less, not only to the generality of the accounts of the Battle of Waterloo, with which the public have hitherto been furnished, but also to those of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Wavre; the first of which, brilliant as was the reflection which it cast upon the glory of the victors, became eclipsed solely by the more dazzling splendour of the greater, because more important, triumph of Waterloo. To endeavour to remedy these deficiencies, through the medium of the evidence of eye-witnesses, most willingly and liberally supplied, as well as carefully collated, examined, and, at the same time, proved, wherever practicable, by corroborative testimony—every component piece of information being made to dovetail, as it were, into its adjacent and corresponding parts—is the chief object of the present publication.

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